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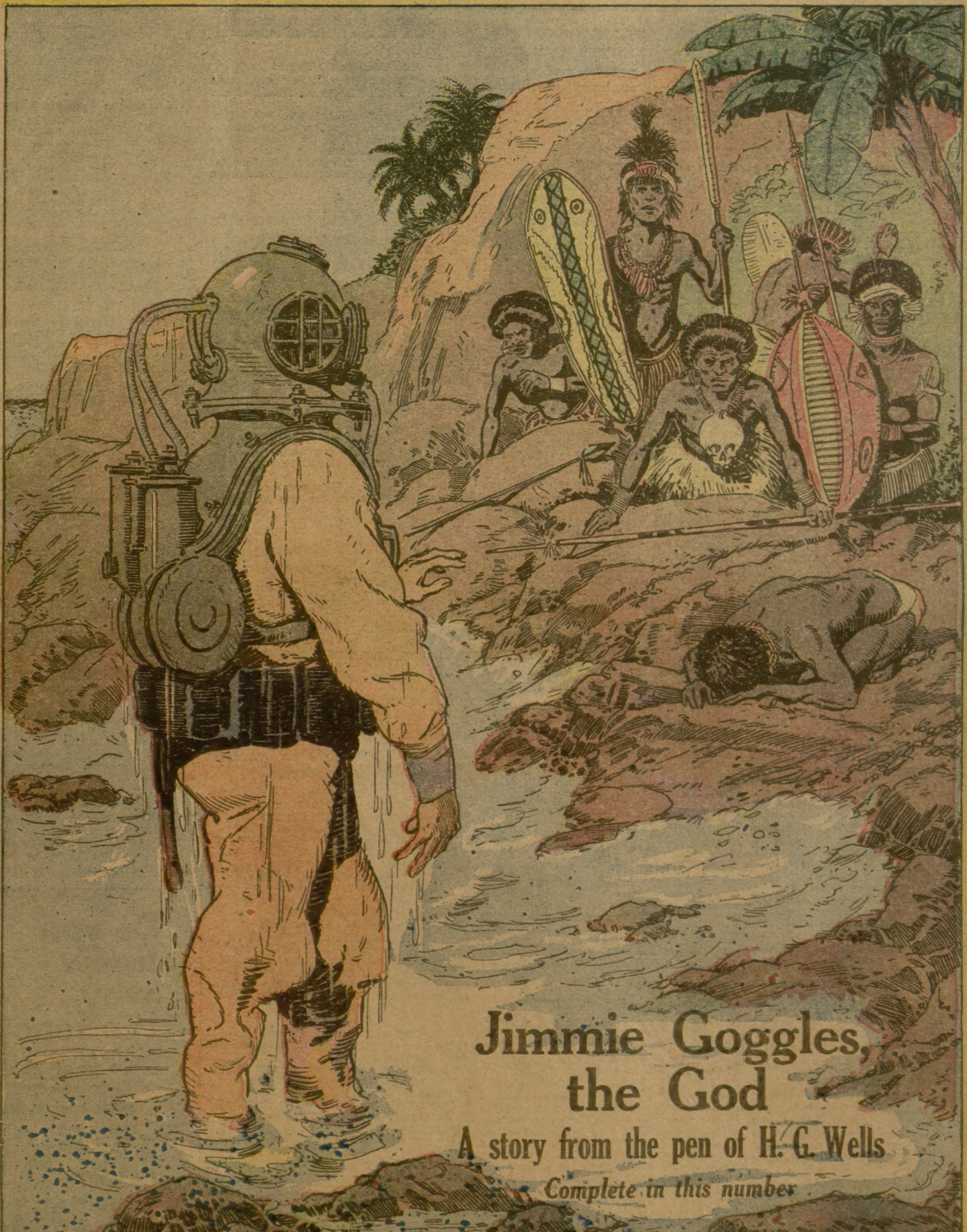

Jimmie Goggles, the God

A story from the pen of H. G. Wells

Complete in this number

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Is the Workday System Wrong?

Asks the Editor

EDWARD BELLAMY, a good many years ago, wrote a book which altho garbed in the dress of a story, was nevertheless a treatise on economics, and a supposed solution of all our economic ills. In it, Bellamy, working out his story, portrays a man living several hundred years hence under a system in which every individual on earth receives exactly the same salary, even the cripples and invalids who can't work. Would not this, the reader may ask, send all the people flocking into the easy jobs, and reduce the necessary quota of those who do the hard, dangerous and dirty work of the world? And if every man receives the same salary from this so-called socialistic system, would not every man eat the same class of food and live in the same style of house? Would not the world, in other words, become so standardized in its methods of living that we would be all dummies without any individuality?

These questions Bellamy attempts to answer by the vivid picture he draws of conditions under his theoretical regime. Altho each man, he shows, receives the same remuneration, each man can spend it as he wishes. Those who like rich houses can inhabit the same at the expense of their table, their clothing, and their amusements. Those who want to live in humble surroundings and dine simply can go to the theater every night! And so it goes. The same salary—but one's own personal way of dividing it.

As to the question asked about the people of the world flocking into the easy jobs. Bellamy adroitly solves this problem by pre-supposing a central council of the earth which would regulate the length of working hours of all industries. When all the men start to withdraw from—say—the street-sweeping industry with its long hours and none too pleasant work, the hours of the street-cleaning industry are reduced. When every one starts to clamber into the banking industry, which always thus far had had shorter hours than the rest of the world, the hours of the bankers are straightway increased. Thus, by giving a little here, and taking up a little there, a careful balance is maintained. Altho workers receive the same salary, they work shorter hours as their work is more dangerous and unpleasant, and longer hours as their work is more agreeable.

Now Edward Bellamy is more or less a theorist in his future picture of political and economic conditions. But we often wonder if he didn't stumble upon a point in which our social system is after all very much at fault—the so-called eight-hour workday, regardless of the energy put out by the worker during those eight hours.

For there we have a salient defect which no one thus far has endeavored to correct. Jones, a stonemason, puts forth a tremendous amount of physical energy every workday, hammering with his hammer and chisel. Old Brown, a railroad crossing tender, who flags an occasional horse and buggy away from a railroad when an equally occasional freight train drones along, puts forth practically no physical energy to speak of. Smith, a certified public accountant, who works in untangling the books of corporations which have become rightfully snarled, puts forth a furious amount of energy in a day—mental, to be sure—but quite exhausting in its amount. Green, a vaudeville actor, comes out on a stage and dances a quick jigstep, participating in a little talkfest with his partner for twenty minutes, repeating this once again at the evening performance, and his sole consumption of energy is neither physically or mentally of appreciable amount.

AH, BUT some one will say that men put also their talents and dreams into their work, as well as their energies. But, after all, aren't the talents of all of us really as much the property of all of us, as the coal mines and the oil wells and the great founts of nature should—and in time will—be? This being so, shouldn't the talents, after all, be thrown into the common good, and men paid strictly on the basis of energy.

We can all think it over. It is now possible to measure exactly the energy consumed in the solution of a mathematical problem, as well as a physical operation, and the delicacy of our modern recording instruments is furthermore attested by Edison's statement that he expects to create a device delicate enough to record a spirit. If we ultimately find a machine that will measure the amount of energy used per hour in a given occupation, are we not then face to face with a system of payment for services which in fairness outdoes all the modern systems which say that a man, whether he be an editor, a pen and ink commercial artist, a bricklayer, a banker, or a shoestring peddler, shall work from 8 in the morning till 5 at night, or its equivalent?

And the best part of this system is that it doesn't destroy personal initiative, doesn't destroy the competition which is the life and advancement of man. Perhaps Bellamy, in his search for a panacea for all our social ills, combined with a few modern recording instruments, will some day correct one of the ills of industry. Who knows?

The Editor

An Afghan Wedding.

THE ceremony of the mirror is, perhaps, the oldest custom in connection with the Afghan wedding ceremony. A mirror is placed before the bride, and the bridegroom is asked to sit at the bride's left. A shawl is held over them, and the bride unveils and looks in the mirror. Husband and wife see each other's face for the first time. It is their first real meeting, says Ikbal Ali Shah, in Asia. The bride is shy and does not open her eyes, and the bridesmaids and others chaff her freely.

An engraved silver bowl is then brought, with a little sherbet and a plate of white rice pudding. The bridegroom drinks a little of the sherbet and offers the bride a sip. She closes her lips tight, but force is applied and a spoonful put into her mouth; so also with the rice pudding. A shower of roses announces the termination of this rite. When the bridegroom attempts to rise, he finds he is held down to the floor; a corner of his coat has been sewed to the carpet. There is a roar of laughter. The offender is found—probably a younger sister of the bride. She refuses to undo the stitches unless a gold coin is given to her. As soon as this toll is paid, the bridegroom calls his attendants to bring his shoes, but one of them is missing. Some one declares she knows who has the shoe. It is returned on payment of two gold coins, and the bridegroom is freed from his tormentors.

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Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

Worse.

"They say the cause of the quarrel was a letter his wife found in his pocket."

"One that he had forgotten to mail?"

"No; one he had forgotten to burn."

❦

A Memory of Youth.

"Your little party last night was splendid," said an intimate friend of Mr. Wadleigh.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Wadleigh. "I don't mind telling you as an old acquaintance that it cost me in the neighborhood of $10,000, and I didn't enjoy myself half as much as I did the first time I ever spent a whole dollar on a girl."

❦

The Kind Soul.

"Mrs. Nurich, I'm going to wear to your reception a lace gown a hundred years old."

"Don't worry, my dear; just wash it well and nobody'll notice it ain't new."

❦

Place for Him.

Joe—There was something wrong with the man's eyes. He saw double every time he read anything.

Harry—That made it difficult for him to get a position.

Joe—Not at all. He's got a swell job now reading meters for the gas company.

❦

On the Bean.

"Did Mrs. Nowaks return that flatiron she borrowed from you last month?"

"Did she! Why, when I told her that I was tired waiting for it and I wanted her to let me have it right away, she did, and I got it right on my head."

❦ ❦ ❦

Brain Teasers.

Charade.

21—My first is hated everywhere
Because its bark is rough;
For him who likes a major share
My last were scarce enough.
Because a tongue was wisely held,
My whole was never told;
And thus was danger soon dispelled
By maiden true and bold.

Acrostic Sentence.

22—1. To become pale or dull.
2. A preposition.
3. Crimson.
4. Ashes.

The primals of the four words if they are correctly guessed will spell the familiar element that they describe.

Lost Coins.

(One coin in each sentence.)

23—Is not the Po under the blue sky of Italy?
Look down or up, eels are not plenty.
The ascent I mean is not difficult.
What is Louis Dormand doing?
Don't read in dim evening light.
To mount to that berth, alertness is required.
Do you see the statue of William Penn yonder?
Is the road over this hill in good repair?

Riddle.

24—I'm a very little thing, but, oh, how smart!
If you cut off my head, then will your heart
Find me the greatest treasure that the world can hold.
Far better than are houses, or lands, or gold.

If now my head be changed, you may declare
I am a dressy thing for you to wear.
If to me, as I began, you add one letter,
You then would say that nothing could be better
To pass a happy life in. Naught more sweet
Could ever be pressed down by weary feet.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

17—Gable.

```
      A
    N U N
  T I S N'T
S A I L O R S
```

18—Geographical Double Acrostic.

C—air—N
A—lic—E
P—apa—W
E—qui—P
M—ang—O
A—ste—R
Y—ach—T

19—An Operatic Ladder.

```
G            M
A—labam—A
L—ucife—R
L—oftil—Y
I—ceber—G
C—himer—A
U—surpe—R
R—ichar—D
C—abbag—E
I            N
```

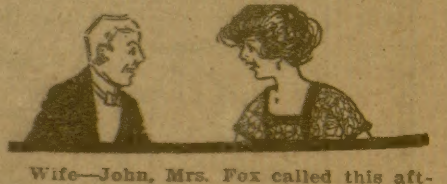
20—Insect Additions.

1. Bee-Beet. 2. Fly-Flay. 3. Ant-Cant. 4. Gnat-Grant. 5. Spider-Despair. 6. Hornet-Another. 7. Moth-Mouth. 8. Grub-Burgh.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

❦

The House-hunter.



Wife—John, Mrs. Fox called this afternoon and she says a man killed his wife in the very room we sleep in! And people have even had smallpox here!

Hubby—Don't worry, my dear; I hear she's offered our landlord $10 more a month than we pay.

❦

The Likeness.

"A beauty doctor taking the skin off the society queens' complexions is very much like a sexton at the church chimes."

"I can't see the likeness, I must say."

"Isn't he peeling the belles?"

❦

Easy Relief.

Mrs. Guyer—Poor, dear Alice is always awfully busy.

Mrs. Hughes—She wouldn't be if she minded her own business only.—London Answers.

❦

Hard to Guess.

"Talking about poker faces."

"Yes?"

"One of the best belongs to the girl with a baby stare."

Do you know why it's toasted

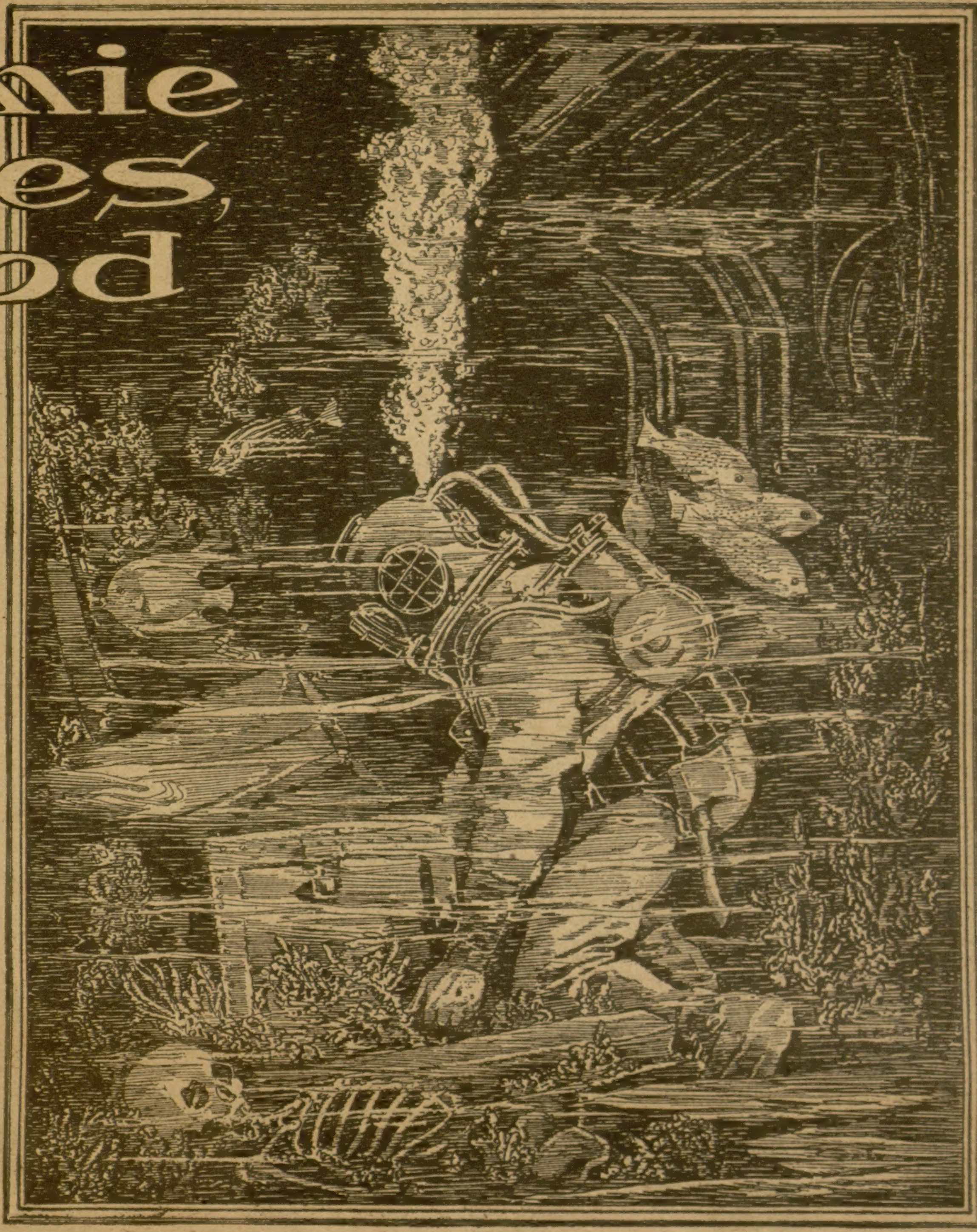
To seal in the delicious Burley tobacco flavor.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

The American Tobacco Co.

Jimmie Goggles, the God

by H.G. Wells



"I Found It That Trip. I Lifted a Box on One End an Inch or More."

"IT ISN'T every one who's been a god," said the sunburnt man. "But it's happened to me. Among other things."

I intimated my sense of his condescension.

"It don't leave much for ambition, does it?" said the suburnt man.

"I was one of those men who were saved from the Ocean Pioneer. Gummy! how time flies! It's twenty years ago. I doubt if you'll remember anything of the Ocean Pioneer?"

The name was familiar, and I tried to recall when and where I had read it. The Ocean Pioneer? Something about gold dust," I said vaguely, "but the precise——"

"That's it," he said. "In a beastly little channel she hadn't no business in—dodging pirates. It was before they'd put the kibosh on that business. And there'd been volcanoes or something and all the rocks was wrong. There's places about by Soona where you fair have to follow the rocks about to see where they're going next. Down she went in twenty fathoms before you could have dealt for whist, with fifty thousand pounds worth of gold aboard, it was said, in one form or another."

"Survivors?"

"Three."

"I remember the case now," I said. "There was something about salvage——"

But at the word salvage the sunburnt man exploded into language so extraordinarily horrible that I stopped aghast. He came down to more ordinary swearing, and pulled himself up abruptly. "Excuse me," he said, "but—salvage!"

He leaned over towards me. "I was in that job," he said. "Tried to make myself a rich man, and got made a god instead. I've my feelings——

"It ain't all jam being a god," said the sunburnt man, and for some time conversed by means of such pithy, but unprogressive axioms. At last he took up his tale again.

"There was me," said the sunburnt man, "and a seaman named Jacobs, and Always, the mate of the Ocean Pioneer. And him it was that set the whole thing going. I remember him now, when we was in the jollyboat, suggesting it all to our minds just by one sentence. He was a wonderful hand at suggesting things. 'There was forty thousand pounds,' he said, 'on that ship, and it's for me to say just where she went down.' It didn't need much brains to tumble to that. And he was the leader from the first to the last. He got hold of the Sanderses and their brig; they were brothers, and the brig was the Pride of Banya, and he it was bought the diving-dress—a second-hand one with a compressed air apparatus instead of pumping. He'd have done the diving, too, if it hadn't made him sick going down. And the salvage people were mucking about with a chart he'd cooked up, as solemn as could be, at Starr Race, a hundred and twenty miles away.

"I can tell you we was a happy lot aboard that brig, jokes and drink and bright hopes all the time. It all seemed so neat and clean and straightforward, and what rough chaps call a 'cert.' And we used to speculate how the other blessed lot, the proper salvagers who'd started two days before us, were getting on, until our sides fairly ached. We all messed together in the Sanderses' cabin—it was a curious crew, all officers and no men—and there stood the diving-dress waiting its turn.

"Young Sanders was a humorous sort of chap, and there certainly was something funny in the confounded thing's great fat head and its stare, and he made us see it, too. 'Jimmie Goggles,' he used to call it, and talk to it like a Christian. Asked if he was married, and how Mrs. Goggles was, and all the little Goggleses. Fit to make you split. And every blessed day all of us used to drink the health of Jimmy Goggles in rum, and unscrew his eye and pour a glass of rum in him, until, instead of that nasty mackintosheriness, he smelt as nice in his inside as a cask of rum. It was jolly times we had in those days, I can tell you—little suspecting, poor chaps! what was a-coming.

"We weren't going to throw away our chances by any blessed hurry, you know, and we spent a whole day sounding our way toward where the Ocean Pioneer had gone down, right between two chunks of ropy-gray rock—lava rocks that rose nearly out of the water. We had to lay off about half a mile to get a safe anchorage, and there was a thundering row who should go on board. And there she lay just as she had gone down, so that you could see the top of the masts that was still standing perfectly distinctly. The row ending in all coming in the boat. I went down in the diving-dress on Friday morning, directly it was light.

"What a surprise it was! I can see it all now quite distinctly. It was a queer-looking place, and the light was just coming. People over here think every blessed place in the tropics is a flat shore and palm trees and surf, bless 'em! This place, for instance, wasn't a bit that way. Not common rocks they were, undermined by waves; but great curved banks like ironwork cinder heaps, with green slime below, and thorny shrubs and things just waving upon them here and there, and the water glassy calm and clear, and showing you a kind of dirty gray-black shine, with huge flaring red-brown weeds spreading motionless, and crawling and darting things going thru it. And far away beyond the ditches and pools and the heaps was a forest on the mountain flank, growing again after the fires and cinder showers of the last eruption. And the other way forest, too, and a kind of broken—what is it?—ambytheater of black and rusty cinders rising out of it all, and the sea in a kind of bay in the middle.

"The dawn, I say, was just coming, and there wasn't much color about things, and not a human being but ourselves anywhere in sight up or down the channel. Except the Pride of Banya, lying out beyond a lump of rocks toward the line of the sea.

"Not a human being in sight," he repeated, and paused.

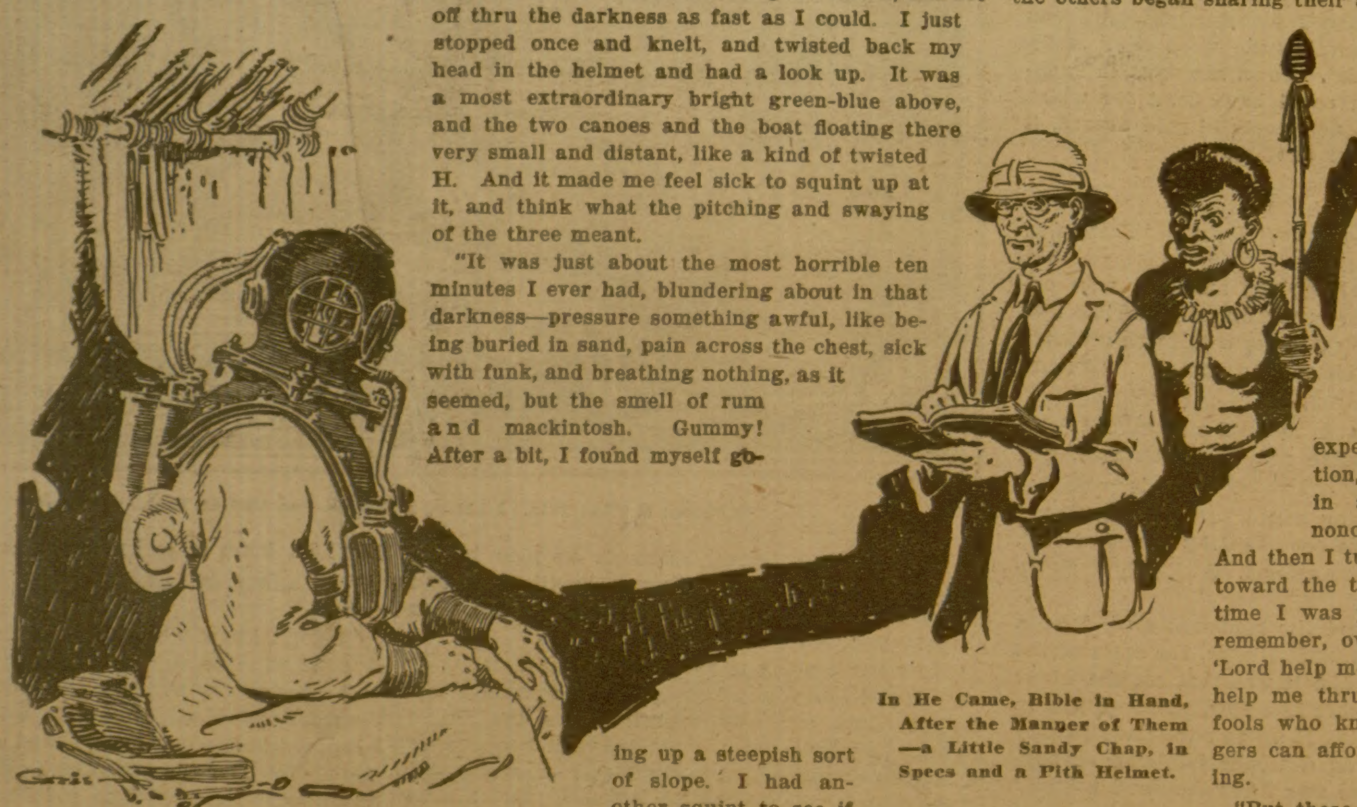
"I don't know where they came from, not a bit. And we were feeling so safe that we were all alone that poor young Sanders was a-singing. I was in Jimmy Goggles, all except the helmet. 'Easy,' says Always, 'there's her mast.' And after I'd had just one squint over the gunwale, I caught up the bogey and almost tipped out as old Sanders brought the boat 'round. When the windows were screwed and everything was all right, I shut the valve from the air belt in order to help my sinking, and jumped overboard, feet foremost—for we hadn't a ladder. I left the boat pitching, and all of them staring down into the water after me, as my head sank down into the weeds and blackness that lay about the mast. I suppose nobody, not the most cautious chap in the world, would have bothered about a lookout at such a desolate place. It stunk of solitude.

"OF COURSE, you must understand that I was a greenhorn at diving. None of us were divers. We'd had to muck about with the thing to get the way of it, and this was the first time I'd been deep. It feels damnable. Your ears hurt beastly. I don't know if you've ever hurt yourself yawning or sneezing, but it takes you like that, only ten times worse. And a pain over the eyebrows here—splitting—and a feeling like influenza in the head. And it isn't all heaven in your lungs and things. And going down feels like the beginning of a lift, only it keeps on. And you can't turn your head to see what's above you, and you can't get a fair squint at what's happening to your feet without bending down something painful. And being deep it was dark, let alone the blackness of the ashes and mud that formed the bottom. It was like going down out of the dawn back into the night, so to speak.

"The mast came up like a ghost out of the black, and then a lot of fishes, and then a lot of flapping red seaweed, and then whack I came with a kind of dull bang on the deck of the Ocean Pioneer, and the fishes that had been feeding on the dead rose about me like a swarm of flies from road stuff in summertime. I turned on the compressed air again—for the suit was a bit thick and mackintoshery after all, in spite of the rum—and stood recovering myself. It struck coolish down there, and that helped take off the stuffiness a bit.

"When I began to feel easier, I started looking about me. It was an extraordinary sight. Even the light was extraordinary, a kind of reddy-colored twilight, on account of the streamers of seaweed that floated up on either side of the ship. And far overhead just a moony, deep green-blue. The deck of the ship, except for a slight list to starboard, was level, and lay all dark and long between the weeds, clear except where the masts had snapped when she rolled, and vanishing into black night toward the forecastle. There wasn't any dead on the decks, most were in the weeds alongside, I suppose; but afterward I found two skeletons lying in the passengers' cabins, where death came to them. It was curious to stand on that deck and recognize it all, bit by bit; a place against the rail where I'd been fond of smoking by starlight, and the corner where an old chap from Sydney used to flirt with a widow we had aboard. A comfortable couple they'd been, only a month ago, and now you couldn't have got a meal for a baby crab off either of them.

"I've always had a bit of a philosophical turn, and I dare say I spent the best part of five minutes in such thoughts before I went below to find where the blessed dust was stored. It was slow work hunting, feeling it was for the most part, pitchy dark, with confusing blue gleams down the companion. And there were things moving about, a dab at my glass once, and once a pinch at my leg. Crabs, I expect. I kicked a lot of loose stuff that puzzled me, and stooped and picked up something all knobs and spikes. What do you think? Backbone! But I never had any particular feeling for bones. We had talked the affair over pretty thoroly, and Always knew just where the stuff was stowed. I found it that trip. I lifted a box one end an inch or more."



In He Came, Bible in Hand, After the Manner of Them —a Little Sandy Chap, in Specs and a Pith Helmet.

He broke off in his story. "I've lifted it," he said, "as near as that! Forty thousand pounds' worth of pure gold! Gold! I shouted inside my helmet as a kind of cheer and hurt my ears. I was getting confounded stuffy and tired by this time—I must have been down twenty-five minutes or more—and I thought this was good enough. I went up the companion again, and as my eyes came up flush with the deck, a thundering great crab gave a kind of hysterical jump and went scuttling off sideways. Quite a start it gave me. I stood up clear on deck and shut the valve behind the helmet to let the air accumulate to carry me up again—I noticed a kind of whacking from above, as tho they were hitting the water with an oar, but I didn't look up. I fancied they were signaling me to come up.

"And then something shot down by me—something heavy, and stood a-quiver in the planks. I looked, and there was a long knife I'd seen young Sanders handling. Thinks I, he's dropped it, and I was still calling him this kind of fool and that—for it might have hurt me serious—when I began to lift and drive up toward the daylight. Just about the level of the top spars of the Ocean Pioneer, whack! I came against something sinking down, and a boot knocked in front of my helmet. Then something else, struggling frightful. It was a big weight atop of me, whatever it was, and moving and twisting about. I'd have thought it a big octopus, or some such thing, if it hadn't been for the boot. But octopuses don't wear boots. It was all in a moment, of course. I felt myself sinking down again, and I threw my arms about to keep steady, and the whole lot rolled free of me and shot down as I went up——"

He paused.

"I saw young Sanders' face, over a naked black shoulder, and a spear driven clean thru his neck, and out of his mouth and neck what looked like spirits of pink smoke in the water. And down they went clutching one another, and turning over, and both too far gone to leave go. And in another second my helmet came a whack, fit to split, against the niggers' canoe. It was niggers! Two canoes full.

"IT WAS lively times, I tell you! Overboard came Always with three spears in him. There was the legs of three or four black chaps kicking about me in the water. I couldn't see much, but I saw the game was up at a glance, gave my valve a tremendous twist, and went bubbling down again after poor Always, in as awful a state of scare and astonishment as you can well imagine. I passed young Sanders and the nigger going up again and struggling still a bit, and in another moment I was standing in the dim again on the deck of the Ocean Pioneer.

"'Gummy,' thinks I, 'here's a fix!' Niggers? At first I couldn't see anything for it but stifle below or stabs above. I didn't properly understand how much air there was to last me out, but I didn't feel like standing very much more of it down below. I was hot and frightfully heady quite apart from the blue funk I was in. We'd never reckoned with these beastly natives, filthy Papuan beasts. It wasn't any good coming up where I was, but I had to do something.

"On the spur of the moment, I clambered over the side of the brig and landed among the weeds, and set off thru the darkness as fast as I could. I just stopped once and knelt, and twisted back my head in the helmet and had a look up. It was a most extraordinary bright green-blue above, and the two canoes and the boat floating there very small and distant, like a kind of twisted H. And it made me feel sick to squint up at it, and think what the pitching and swaying of the three meant.

"It was just about the most horrible ten minutes I ever had, blundering about in that darkness—pressure something awful, like being buried in sand, pain across the chest, sick with funk, and breathing nothing, as it seemed, but the smell of rum and mackintosh. Gummy! After a bit, I found myself going up a steepish sort of slope. I had another squint to see if anything was visible of the canoes and boats, and then kept on. I stopped with my head a foot from the surface, and tried to see where I was going, but, of course, nothing was to be seen but the reflection of the bottom. Then out I dashed like knocking my head thru a mirror.

"Directly I got my eyes out of the water, I saw I'd come up on a kind of beach near the forest. I had a look round, but the natives and the brig were both hidden by a big, hummucky heap of twisted lava. The born fool in me suggested a run for the woods. I didn't take the helmet off, but I eased open one of the windows, and, after a bit of a pant, went on out of the water. You'd hardly imagine how clean and light the air tasted.

"Of course, with four inches of lead in your boot soles, and your head in a copper knob the size of a football, and been thirty-five minutes under water, you don't break any records running. I ran like a plowboy going to work. And half-way to the trees I saw a dozen niggers or more, coming out in a gaping, astonished sort of way to meet me.

"I just stopped dead, and cursed myself for all the fools out of London. I had about as much chance of cutting back to the water as a turned turtle. I just screwed up my window again to leave my hands free, and waited for them. There wasn't anything else for me to do.

"But they didn't come on very much. I began to suspect why. 'Jimmy Goggles,' I says, 'it's your beauty does it.' I was inclined to be a little lightheaded. I think, with all these dangers about and the change in the pressure of the blessed air. 'Who're ye staring at?' I said, as if the savages could hear me. 'What d'ye take me for? I'm hanged if I don't give you something to stare at,' I said, and with that I screwed up the escape valve and turned on the compressed air from the belt, until I was swelled out like a blown frog. Regular imposing it must have been.

"I'm blessed if they'd come on a step; and presently one and then another went down on their hands and knees. They didn't know what to make to me, and they was doing the extra polite, which was very wise and reasonable of them. I had half a mind to edge back seaward and cut and run, but it seemed too hopeless. A step back and they'd have been after me. And out of sheer desperation I began to march toward them up the beach, with slow, heavy steps, and waving my blown-out arms about, in a dignified manner. And inside of me I was singing as small as a tomtit.

"But there's nothing like a striking appearance to help a man over a difficulty—I've found that before and since. People like ourselves, who're up to diving-dresses by the time we're 7, can scarcely imagine the effect of one on a simple-minded savage. One or two of these niggers cut and run, the others started in a great hurry trying to knock their brains out on the ground. And on I went as slow and solemn and silly-looking and artful as a jobbing plumber. It was evident they took me for something immense.

"Then up jumped one and began pointing, making extraordinary gestures to me as he did so, and all the others began sharing their attention between me and something out at sea 'What's the matter now?' I said. I turned slowly on account of my dignity, and there I saw, coming 'round a point, the poor old Pride of Banya towed by a couple of canoes. The sight fairly made me sick. But they evidently expected some recognition, so I waved my arms in a striking sort of noncommittal manner. And then I turned and stalked on toward the trees again. At that time I was praying like mad, I remember, over and over again: 'Lord help me thru with it! Lord help me thru with it!' It's only fools who know nothing of dangers can afford to laugh at praying.

"But these niggers weren't going to let me walk thru and away like that. They started a kind of bowing dance about me, and sort of pressed me to take a pathway that lay thru the trees. It was clear to me they didn't take me for a British citizen, whatever else they thought of me, and for my own part I was never less anxious to own up to the old country.

"You'd hardly believe it, perhaps, unless you're familiar with savages, but these poor misguided, ignorant creatures took me straight to their kind of joss place to present me to the blessed old black stone there. By this time I was beginning to sort of realize the depth of thier ignorance, and directly I set eyes on this deity I took my cue. I started a baritone howl, 'Wow-wow,' very long on one note, and began waving my arms about a lot, and then very slowly and ceremoniously turned their image over on its side and sat down on it. I wanted to sit down badly, for diving-dresses ain't much wear in the tropic. Or, to put it different-like, they're a sight too much. It took away their breath, I could see, my sitting on their joss, but in less time than a minute they made up their minds and were hard at work worshiping me. And I can tell you I felt a bit relieved to see things turning out so well, in spite of the weight on my shoulders and feet.

"But what made me anxious was what the chaps in the canoes might think when they went down, and

(Continued on Page 15.)

AN AFFAIR IN THE DESERT

By E. W. HORNUNG

STINGAREE

Something About Him!

If a few years ago you had been fortunate enough to have taken a trip into Australia as Mr. Boyce, the publisher of the Ledger, is now doing, you would have found a country similar in certain ways to the West of our pioneer days, but a land in which the kangaroo took the place of the buffalo, the boomerang that of the bow and arrow. And with its edges criss-crossed like our early West by stage-coach lines, it had its famous bushrangers, desperate and fast-riding fellows who were likely to appear on any lonely road and force the stage-coach occupants to disgorge their wealth. There was Thunderbolt, Morgan, Ben Hall and Ned Kelly. And there was also Stingaree!

Stingaree, the daredevil of all the highwaymen. Stingaree, the Mysterious, who, it was said, was once a prominent Londoner. Stingaree, who loved music better than he loved his plunder. Stingaree, the embittered. Stingaree, who always robbed his victims with a monocle in his right eye. Stingaree, who had never killed a man. Stingaree, who was captured time and again, but whose superior cunning always found him his freedom. Stingaree, who, with his black-bearded mate, Howie, was seen in Victoria today and New South Wales tomorrow. Stingaree, who held a smiling contempt for the forces of Australia's law and order.

This was the man whose name, taken from that of a peculiar stinging fish, was a byword thruout Australia. And this was the man about whom E. W. Hornung has woven a series of five fascinating tales, showing the English people who make up the life of that little-known continent, as well as the strange American-like aspect of its wildernesses. They present in highly exciting action not only a series of stories about one of the most remarkable criminal careers of that part of the earth, but, better, portray for us a character. And a story which can do this difficult thing—make us know a man—whether he be good or bad—is always worth the printing.

Each story is complete in itself.

Each is a story of the famous Stingaree himself.

IT WAS 8 o'clock and Monday morning when the romantic rascals were led away in unromantic bonds. Their arms were bound to their bodies, their feet lashed to the stirrup-irons; they sat like packs upon quiet station horses, carefully chosen for the nonce; they were tethered to a mounted policeman apiece, each with leading-rein buckled to his left wrist and Government revolver in his right hand. Behind the quartet rode the officer in command, superbly mounted, watching ever all four with a third revolver ready cocked. It seemed a small and yet an ample escort for the two bound men.

But Stingaree was by no means in that state of Napoleonic despair which his bent back and lowering countenance were intended to convey. He had not uttered a word since the arrival of the police, whom he had suffered to lift him on horseback, as he now sat, without raising his morose eyes once. Howie, on the other hand, had offered a good deal of futile opposition, cursing his captors as the fit moved him, and once struggling so insanely in his bonds as to earn a tap from the wrong end of a revolver and a bloody face for his pains. Stingaree glowered in deep delight. His mate's part was as well acted as his own; but it was he who had conceived them both, and expounded them in countless camps against some such extremity as this. The result was in ideal accordance with his calculations. The man who gave the trouble was the man to watch. And Stingaree, chin on chest, was left in peace to evolve a way of escape.

The chances were all adverse; he had never been less sanguine in his life. Not that Stingaree had much opinion of the police; he had slipped thru their hands too often; but it was an unfortunate circumstance that two of the present trio were among those whom he had eluded most recently, and who therefore would be least likely to give him another chance. A lightning student of his kind, he based his only hope upon an accurate estimate of these men, and applied his whole mind to the triple task. But it was a single task almost from the first; for the policeman in charge of him was none other than his credulous old friend, Sergeant Cameron from Clear Corner; and Howie's custodian, a young trooper run from the same mold as Constable Tyler and many a hundred more, in whom a thick skull cancelled a stout heart. Both were brave men; neither was really to be feared. But the man behind upon the thorobred, the man in front, the man now on this side and now on that, with his braying laugh and his vindictive voice—triumphant as tho he had taken the bushrangers himself, and a blatant bully in triumph—was none other than the formidable Superintendent whose undying animosity the bushrangers had earned by the two escapades associated with his name.

Yet the outlaw never flattered him with word or look, never lifted chin from chest, never raised an eye or opened his mouth until Howie's knock on the head caused him to curse his mate for a fool who deserved all he got. The thorobred was caracoling on his other side in an instant.

"You ain't one, are you?" cried the taunting tongue of Superintendent Cairns. "Not much fool about Stingaree!"

The time had come for a reply.

"So I thought until yesterday," sighed the bushranger. "But now I'm not so sure."

"Not so sure, eh? You were sure enough last time we met, my beauty!"

"Yes! I had some conceit of myself then," said Stingaree, with another of his convincing sighs.

"To say nothing of when you guyed me, d—n you!" added the Superintendent, below his breath and thru his teeth.

"Well," replied the outlaw, "you've got your revenge. I must expect you to rub it in."

"My fine friend," rejoined Cairns, "you may expect worse than that, and still you won't be disappointed."

Stingaree made no reply; and it would have taken a very shrewd eye to have read deeper than the depth of sullen despair expressed in every inch of his bound body and every furrow of his downcast face. Even the vindictive Cairns ceased for a time to crow over so abject an adversary in so bitter an hour.

MEANWHILE, the five horses streamed slowly thru the high lights and heavy shadows of a winding avenue of scrub. It was like a hothouse in the dense, low trees; not a wandering wind, not a waking bird; but five faces that dripped steadily in the shade, and all but caught fire in the sun. Ahead rode Howie, dazed and bleeding, with his callous young constable; the sergeant and his chief, with Stingaree between them, now brought up the rear. By degrees Stingaree raised his chin a little, but still looked neither right nor left.

"Cheer up!" cried the chief, with soothing irony.

"I feel the heat," said the bound man, uncomplainingly. "And it was just about here it happened."

"What happened?"

"We overtook the Church militant here on earth," rejoined the bushranger, with rueful irreverence.

"Well, you ran against a snag that time, Mr. Sanguinary Stingaree!"

"I couldn't resist turning Howie into the Bishop and making myself his mouthpiece. I daren't let him open his lips! It wasn't the offertory that was worth having; it was the fun of rounding up that congregation on the homestead veranda, and never letting them spot a thing till we showed our guns. There hadn't been a hitch, and never would have been if that old Bishop hadn't run all those miles barefoot over hot sand and taken us unawares."

Made with wry humor and a philosophic candor, alike germane to his predicament, these remarks seemed natural enough to one knowing little of Stingaree. They seemed just the sort of things that Stingaree would say. The effect, however, was rather to glorify Bishop Methuen at the expense of Superintendent Cairns, who strove to reverse it with some dexterity.

"You certainly ran against a snag," he repeated, "and now your mate's run against another." He gave the butt of his ready pistol a significant tap. "But I'm the worst snag that ever either of you struck," he went on in his vainglory. "Make no mistake about that. And the worst day's work that ever you did in your life, Mr. Sanguinary Stingaree, was when you dared to play at being little crooked Cairns."

Stingaree took a first look at his man. After all he was not so crooked on horseback as he had seemed on foot at dusk in the Victoria bush; his hump was even less pronounced than Stingaree himself had made it on Rosanna; it looked more like a ridge of extra muscle across a pair of abnormally broad and powerful shoulders. There was the absence of neck wich this deformity suggests; there was a great head lighted by flashing and indignant eyes, but mounted only on its mighty chin. The bushranger was conceited enough to find in the flesh a coarser and more common type than that created by himself for the honor of the road. But this did not make the real Superintendent a less formidable foe.

"The most poetic justice!" murmured Stingaree, and resumed in an instant his apathetic pose.

"It serves you jolly well right, if that's what you mean," the Superintendent snarled. "You've yourself and your own mighty cheek to thank for taking me out of my shell and putting me on your tracks in earnest. But it was high time they knew the cut of my jib up here; the fools won't forget me again in a hurry. And you, you devil, you sha'n't forget me till your dying day!"

On Stingaree's off-side Sergeant Cameron was also hanging an insulted head. But the bushranger laughed softly in his chest.

"Someone has got to do your dirty work," said he. "I did it that time, and the Bishop has done it now; but you shouldn't blame me for helping your fellows to bring a murderer to justice."

"You guyed me," said Cairns thru his teeth. "I heard all about it. You guyed me, blight your soul!"

Stingaree felt that he was missing a strong face finely convulsed with passion—as indeed he was. But he had already committed the indiscretion of a repartee, which was scarcely consistent with an attitude of extreme despair. A downcast silence seemed the safest policy after all.

"It used to be forty miles to the Corner," he murmured, after a time. "We can't have come more than ten."

"Not so much," snapped the Superintendent.

"Going to stop for a feed at Mazeppa Station?"

"That's my business."

"It's a long day for three of you, in this heat, with two of us."

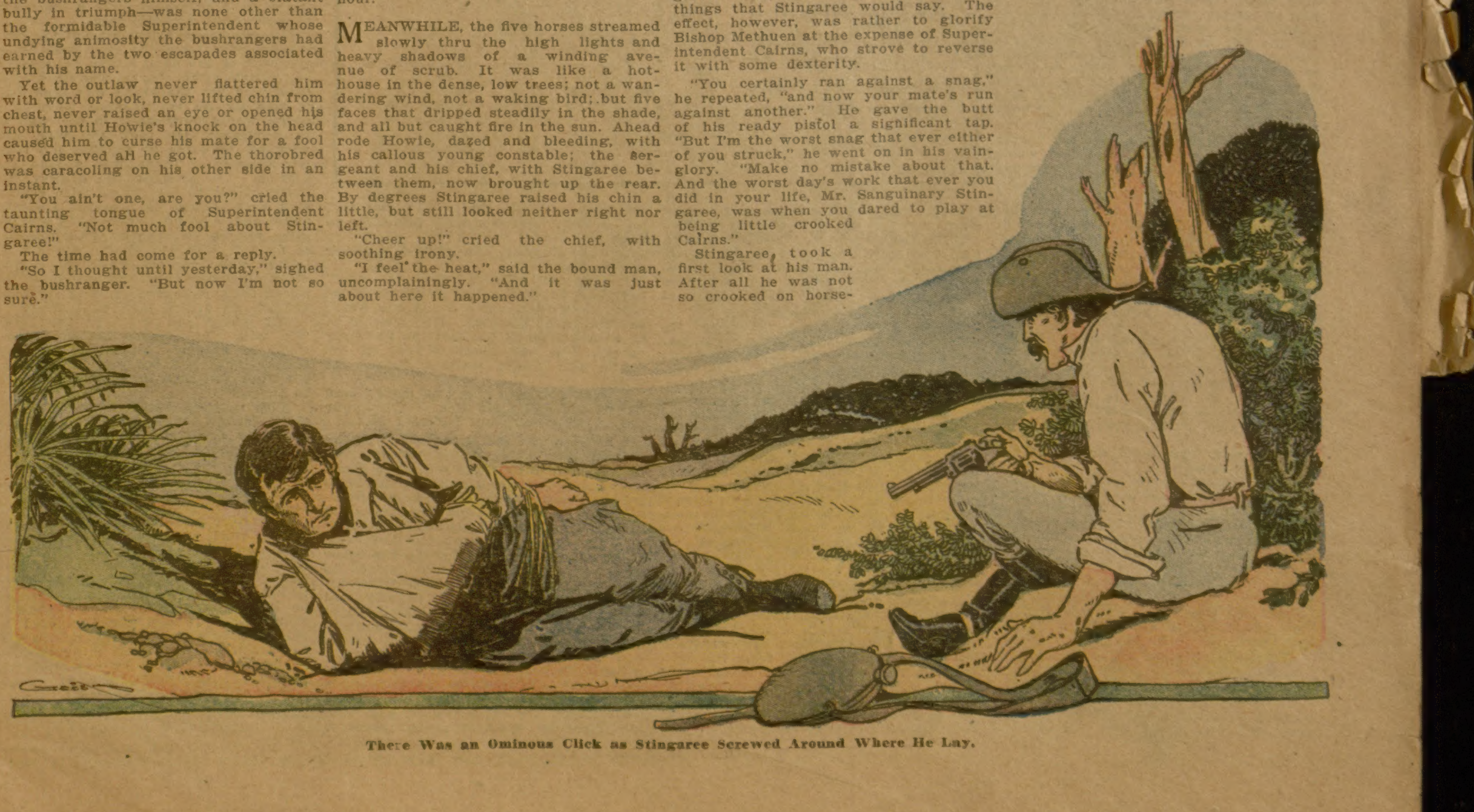
"The time won't hang heavy on our hands," with emphasis on the "our."

"Not heavy enough, I should have thought. I wonder you didn't bring some of the boys from Mulfera along with you."

Superintendent Cairns brayed his high, harsh laugh.

"Yes, you wonder, and so did they," said he. "But I know a bit too much. There'll always be sympathy among scum like them for thicker scum like you!"

"You're too suspicious," said Stingaree,



There Was an Ominous Click as Stingaree Screwed Around Where He Lay.

mildly. "But I was thinking of the Bishop and the boss."

"They've gone their own way," growled Cairns, "and it's just as well it wasn't our way. I'd have stood no interference from them!"

That had been his attitude on the station. Stingaree had heard of his rudeness to those to whom the whole credit of the capture belonged; the man revealed his character as freely as an angry child; and, indeed, a childish character it was. Arrogance was its strength and weakness; a suggestion had only to be made to call down either the insolence of office or the malice of denial for denial's sake.

"I WISH you'd stop a bit at Mazeppa," whined Stingaree, drooping like a candle in the heat.

The station roofs gleamed thru the trees far off the track.

"Why?"

"Because I'm feeling sick."

"Gammon! You've got some friends there; on you push!"

"But you will camp somewhere in the heat of the day?"

"I'll do as I think fit. I sha'n't consult you, my fine friend."

Stingaree drooped and nodded, lower and lower; then recovered himself with a jerk, like one battling against sleep. The party pushed on for another hour. The heat was terrible; the bound men endured torments in their bonds. But the nature of the Superintendent, deformed like his body, declared itself duly at every turn, and the more one prisoner groaned and the other blasphemed, the greater the zest and obduracy of the driving force behind them.

Noon passed; the scanty shadows lengthened; and Howie gave more trouble of an insensate sort. They reined up, and lashed him tighter; he had actually loosened his cords. But Stingaree seemed past remonstrance with friend or foe, and his bound body swayed from side to side as the little cavalcade went on at a canter to make up for lost time.

He was leading now with the kindly sergeant, and his mind had never been more alert. Behind them thundered the recalcitrant Howie with constable and Superintendent on either side. They were midway between Mazeppa and Clear Corner, or some fifteen miles from either haunt of men. Stingaree pulled himself upright in the saddle as by a superhuman effort, and shook off the helping hand that held him by one elbow.

He was about to do a thing at which even his courage quailed, and he longed for the use of his right arm. It was not absolutely bound; the hand and wrist had been badly hurt in the Sunday's fray—so badly that it had been easy to sham a fracture, and have hand and wrist in splints before the arrival of the police. They still hung before him in a sling, his good right hand and forearm, stiff and sore enough, yet strong and ready at a moment's notice, when the moment came. It had not come, and was not coming for a long time, when Stingaree set his teeth, lurched either way—and toppled out of the saddle in the path of the cantering hoofs. His lashed feet held him in the stirrups; the off stirrup-leather had come over with his weight; and there at his horse's hoofs, kicked and trampled and smothered with blood and dust, he dragged like an anchor, without sign of life.

And it was worse even than it looked, for the life never left him for an instant, nor ever for an instant did he fail to behave as tho it had. Minutes later, when they had stopped his horse, and cut him down from the stirrups, and carried him into the shade of a hop-bush off the track, and when Stingaree dared to open his eyes, he was nearer closing them perforce, and the scene swam before him with superfluous realism.

Cairns and Cameron, dismounted (while the trooper sat aloof with Howie in the saddle), were at high words about their prostrate prisoner. Not a syllable was lost on Stingaree.

"You may put him across the horse yourself," said the sergeant. "I won't have a hand in it. But make sure you haven't killed him as it is—traveling a sick man like that."

"Killed him? He's got his eyes open!" cried Cairns, in savage triumph. Stingaree lay blinking at the sky. "Do you still refuse to do your duty?"

"Cruelty to animals is no duty of mine," declared the sergeant; "let alone my fellowmen, bushrangers or no bushrangers."

"And you?" thundered Cairns at the mounted constable.

"Right!" cried the Superintendent, producing a notebook and scribbling venomously. "You both refuse! You will hear more of this; meanwhile, sergeant, I should like to know what your superior wisdom may be pleased to suggest."

"Send a cart back for him," said Cameron. "It's the only way he's fit to travel."

Stingaree sought to prop himself upon the elbow of the splintered wrist and hand.

"There are no more bones broken that I know of," said he, faintly. "But I felt bad before, and now I feel worse."

"He looks it, too," observed the sergeant, as Stingaree, ghastly enough beneath his blood and dust, rolled over on his back once more, and lay effectively with closed eyes. Even the Superintendent was impressed.

"Then what's to be done with him?" he exclaimed, with an oath. "What's to be done?"

"If you ask me," returned Cameron, "I should make him comfortable where he is; after all, he's a human being, and done no murder, that we should run the risk of murdering him. Leave him to me while you two push on with his mate; then one of you can get back with the spring-cart before sundown; but trust me to look after him till you do."

STINGAREE held his breath where he lay. His excitement was not to be betrayed by the opening of an eye. And yet he knew that the Superintendent was looking the sergeant up and down, and he guessed what was passing thru that suspicious mind.

"Trust you!" rasped the dictatorial voice at last. "That's the very thing I'm not inclined to do, Sergeant Cameron."

"Sir!"

"Keep your temper, sergeant. I don't say you'd let him go. But I've got to remember that this man has twisted you round his finger before today, led you by the hand like a blessed child, and passed himself off for me! Look at the fellow; look at me; and ask yourself candidly if you're the man for the job. But don't ask me, unless you want my opinion of you a bit plainer still. No; you go on with the others. The two of you can manage Howie; if you can't, you put a bullet thru him! This is my man; and I'm his, by the hokey, as he'll know if he tries any of his tricks while you're gone!"

Do More Than One Person in Your Family Read the Ledger?

If so, better be the first next week to get hold of the family copy, because "The Voodoo," by Augustin W. Breeden, begins in that issue, and presents one of the most fascinating stories of the New Orleans underworld ever attempted.

Stingaree did not move a muscle. He might have been dead; and in his disappointment it was the easier to lie as tho he were. Really bruised, really battered, really faint and stiff and sore, to say nothing of his bonds, he felt himself physically no match for so young a man—with the extra breadth of shoulder and the extra length of arm which were part and parcel of his deformity. With the elderly sergeant he might have had a chance, man to man, one arm to two; but with Superintendent Cairns his only weapons were his wits. He lay quite still and reviewed the situation, as it was, and as it had been. In the very moment of his downfall, by instinctive presence of mind, he had preserved the use of his right hand, and that was a still unsuspected asset of incalculable worth. It had been the nucleus of all his plans; without a hand he must have resigned himself to the inevitable from the first. Then he had split up the party. He heard the sergeant and the constable ride off with Howie, exactly as he had intended two of the three captors to do. His fall alone introduced the element of luck. It might have killed or maimed him; but the risk had been run with open eyes. Being alive and whole, he had reduced the odds from three against two to man and man; and the difference was enormous, even tho one man held all the cards.

Against Howie the odds were heavier than ever, but Howie was eliminated from present calculations. And as Stingaree made them with the upturned face of seeming insensibility, he heard a nonchalant step come and go, but knew an eye was on him all the time, and never opened his own till the striking of a match was followed by the smell of bush tobacco.

The shadow of the hop-bush was spreading like spilt ink, and for the moment Stingaree thought he had it to himself. But a wreath of blue smoke hovered overhead; and when he got to his elbow, and glanced behind, there sat Cairns in his shirt-sleeves, filling the niche his body made in the actual green bush, a swollen wet water-bag at his feet, his revolver across his knees. There was an ominous click even as Stingaree screwed round where he lay.

"Give me a drink!" he cried at sight of the humid canvas bag.

"Why should I?" asked the Superintendent, smoking on.

"Because I haven't had one since we started—because I'm parched with thirst."

"Parch away!" cried the creature of suspicion. "You can't help yourself, and I can't help you with this baby to nurse."

And he fondled the cocked revolver in his hands.

"Very well! Don't give me one!" exclaimed Stingaree, and dealt the moist bag a kick that sent a jet of cold water spurting over his foot. He expected to be kicked himself for that; he was only cursed, the bag snatched out of his reach, and deeply drained before his eyes.

"I was going to give you some," said Cairns, smacking his lips. "Now your tongue may hang out before I do."

Stingaree left the last word with the foe; it was part of his preconceived policy. He still regretted his solitary retort, but not for a moment the more petulant act which he had just committed. His boots had been removed after his fall; one of his socks was now wet thru, and he spent the next few minutes in taking it off with the other foot. The lengthy process seemed to afford his mind a certain pensive entertainment. It was a shapely and delicate white foot that lay stripped at last—a foot that its owner, with nothing better to do, could contemplate with legitimate satisfaction. But Superintendent Cairns, noting his prisoner's every look, and putting his own confident interpretation on them all, cursed him afresh for a conceited pig, and filled another pipe, with the revolver for an instant by his side.

Stingaree took no interest in his proceedings; the revolver he especially ignored, and lay stretched before his captor, one sock off and one sock on, one arm in splints and sling and the other bound to his ribs, a model prisoner, whose last thought was of escape. His legs, indeed, were free; but a man who could not sit on a horse was not the man to run away. And then there was the relentless Superintendent sitting over him, pipe in mouth, but revolver again in hand, and a crooked finger very near the trigger.

THE fiery wilderness still lay breathless in the great heat, but the lengthening shadow of the hop-bush was now a thing to be thankful for, and in it the broken captive fell into a fine semblance of natural slumber. Cairns watched with alternate envy and suspicion; for him there could not be a wink; but most likely the fellow was shamming all the time. No ruse, however, succeeded in exposing the sham, which the Superintendent copied by breathing first heavily and then stertorously, with one eye open and on his man. Stingaree never opened one of his; there was no change in the regular breathing, in the peaceful expression of the blood-stained face; asleep the man must be.

The Superintendent's own experiments had gone to show him that no extremity need necessarily keep one awake in such heat. He stifled a yawn that was no part of his performance. His pipe was out; he struck a match noisily on his boot; and Stingaree just stirred, as naturally as any infant. But Stingaree's senses were incredibly acute. He smelt every whiff of the rekindled pipe, knew to ten seconds when it went out once more, and listened in an agony for another match. None was struck. Was the Superintendent himself really asleep this time? He breathed as tho he were; but so did Stingaree; and yet was there hope in the fact that his own greatest struggle all this time had been against the very thing he feigned.

At last he opened one eye a little; it was met by no answering furtive glance; he opened the other, and there could be no more doubt. The terrible Superintendent was dozing in his place; but it was the lightest sort of doze, the eyes were scarcely closed, and all but watching Stingaree, as the cocked revolver in the relaxed hand all but covered him. The prisoner felt that for the moment he was unseen, forgotten, but that the lightest movement of his body would open those terrible eyes once and for all. Be it remembered that he was lying under them lengthwise, on the bound arm, with the arm in the sling uppermost, and easily to be freed, but yet the most salient part of the recumbent figure, and that on which the hidden eyes still seemed fixed, for all their lids. To make the least movement there, to attempt the slowest withdrawal of hand and arm, was to court the last disaster, of discovery in such an act. But to lie motionless down to the thighs, and to execute a flank movement with the leg uppermost, was a far less perilous exploit. It was the leg with the bare foot; every detail had been foreseen. And now at last the bare foot hovered over the revolver and the hand it held, while the upper man yet lay like a log under those drowsy, dreadful eyes.

Stingaree took a last look at the barrel drooping from the slackened hand; the back of the hand lay on the ground, the muzzle of the barrel was filled with sand, and yet the angle was such that it was by no means sure whether a bullet would bury itself in the sand or in Stingaree. He took the risk, and with his bare toe he touched the trigger sharply. There was a loud explosion. It brought the drowsy Superintendent to his senses with such a jerk that it was as tho the smoking pistol had leaped out of his hand a thing alive, and so into the hand that flashed to meet it from the sling. And almost in the same second—while the double cloud of smoke and sand still hung between them—Stingaree sprang from the ground, an armed man once more.

"Sit where you are!" he thundered. "Up with those hands before I shoot them to shreds! Your life's in less danger than mine has been all day, but I'll wing you limb by limb if you offer to budge!"

With uplifted hands above his ears, the deformed officer sat with head and shoulders depressed into the semblance of one sphere. Not a syllable did he utter; but his upturned eyes shot indomitable fires. Stingaree stood wriggling and fumbling at the coil which bound his left arm to his side; suddenly the revolver went off, as if by accident, but so much by design that there dangled two ends of rope, cut and burnt asunder by lead and powder. In less than a minute the bushranger was unbound, and before the minute was up he had leaped upon the Superintendent's thorobred. It had been tethered all this time to a tree, swishing tails with the station hack which Stingaree had ridden as a captive; he now rode the thorobred, and led the hack, to the very feet of the humiliated Cairns.

"I will thank you for that water-

(Continued on Page 17.)

The House in the Mist

By Hermann Bacher Deutsch and Robert J. Casey

Previous Chapters Condensed

The famous Everett diamond, owned by a Chicago family of that name, had been stolen, and the newspapers were making much of the sensational story. In a strange manner the almost priceless gem came into the possession of

JAMES BRADSHAW, a traveling salesman and story writer, who had come North from Oklahoma and taken an apartment in Mrs. Brennan's rooming-house. In fact, the big sparkler had rolled from his suit of pajamas as he was about to retire. There was a spot of blood on the sleeping suit. In an adjoining room he found

TERRY HIGGINS, whose hand was cut and bleeding. Bradshaw aided the young man, who was not seriously injured; and, getting no explanation from Higgins, returned to his room to examine the ancient and shabby bookcase in which he had hung his wearing apparel, including the pajamas. To his great surprise he found the diamond gone from the place where he had hastily concealed it.

JANET ROBERTS, refined and pretty, was in some way connected with the mysterious "Mr. Higgins." On their way to a nearby park Bradshaw and the girl met a suspicious character known to the girl and others as "The Man-With-the-Dog," and the huge animal was quite as forbidding as its brutal-looking master. That Janet for some unexpected reason seemed to be in great fear of the fellow, was quite evident to Bradshaw.

BRADSHAW decided to make a try for the twenty-five hundred dollars reward offered for the recovery of the diamond. A woman's scream attracted him to Janet's room. He found her much agitated, but she declined to accept his offer of protection, further than from emergencies occasioned by fire or burglars. Then our hero was kidnaped by

ROCCO (the Dog-man) and Higgins. Bradshaw finally freed himself from his bonds and overpowered Rocco during Higgins' absence, apparently to force Janet to tell the whereabouts of the missing diamond. Higgins was later found dead, having been killed by

"RIPPER," the huge bulldog. Bradshaw tramped back to the city from the isolated house in which he had left Rocco bound and gagged, only to see his kidnaper (and supposed captive) pass him on the highway in an automobile.

On his return to Mrs. Brennan's Bradshaw learned that Janet had been kidnaped by Rocco, or lured to the isolated House in the Mist by an alleged note from Higgins, who was now lying dead in Rocco's isolated abode. Bradshaw lost no time in calling a taxi and went to the girl's rescue, at last bringing up at the House in the Mist, a cottage in the woods, a short distance from the highway, which he found fully lighted up—but deserted by its inmates. He returned to the city and secured the services of

JOHN BURKE, a policeman whom he had known for some years. They returned over the same route to the house of mystery and Bradshaw was almost transfixed in his tracks by an amazing discovery—the house wasn't there.

This story began in No. 3 the Ledger for Jan. 15. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LONG ARM OF JUSTICE.

"IF YOU was anybody else," observed Burke casually, "I'd say you was stewed."

"And under any less serious circumstances," I replied bitterly, "I'd plead guilty to the indictment. But Burke, there's some thick in this. Look up on the bank. You still can see traces of where I skidded down this bank after coming thru the woods before. We followed the lane thru the timber just as I did—everything's as it was except that the house isn't there."

The policeman grinned.

"I ain't doubting you," he said at length. "They've gyped us some way an' no mistake. They're a wise gang. If they didn't have their getaway framed pretty well they'd never have attempted this stunt in the first place."

We drew the car up by the side of the road and walked back to search the woods. The lane over which we had just come was clearly defined enough. Afoot, even in the darkness, it appeared impossible to stray from it. But our search proved fruitless. We abandoned it finally, chilled, sore and weary.

The policeman overruled my suggestion that we return to the boulevard again and make a new search.

"Your landlady has notified the cops by now," he said. "It's their job anyway. Let's take care of it. If we fiddle around here in the storm all night we'll finish up with a fine bunch of pneumonia. I move we go home."

And inasmuch as that seemed to be the only sensible thing to do, I followed his suggestion.

I realized after I had left the car at the garage and paid a bill which put a sad dent in my slim purse, that I could not have lasted another hour in the woods. My legs were numb from the knees down and my shoulders ached terrifically.

I could scarcely climb the stairs at Mrs. Brennan's and could have hugged the old lady when she met me at the door, led me to a chair before the coal range in her own kitchen and plied me with hot coffee.

The new chambermaid, who seemed to be continually in the way, grinned at the sight of me—and I suppose with good reason. I must have looked like a well-drowned rat. I do not know yet why I didn't like the girl. Probably it was a case of reflected animosity, for I am willing to admit that she had very small admiration for me. But whatever the cause I did not like her. In my mind I applauded when Mrs. Brennan spoke sharply to her, and felt unduly irritated at her insolent grin.

She showed an abnormal interest in my affairs and went with obvious reluctance when Mrs. Brennan, sensing something of my mental attitude, sent her from the room.

The landlady had received no news since notifying the police. She had told them everything as she told it to me and they had started out in automobiles over the route I had taken some hours before. It was doubtful, she declared loyally, that they could discover anything if I had failed.

I was in the midst of a denial when the door was thrown open and the new chambermaid appeared.

"There's a police at the door, ma'am," she said. "He says he's lookin' for Mr. Bradshaw."

I arose and walked into the hall after her, totally unsuspicious of impending disaster. It seemed no more than likely that the police might wish to speak to me in connection with the kidnaping case, inasmuch as I had been first on the scene and had taken up the trail immediately.

But I was speedily disillusioned.

The policeman in the hallway was a plain clothes man—one whom I had never seen before.

He looked me over from head to foot as a farmer might have surveyed a steer—totally without animus—without interest other than that connected with business.

He did not appear to be favorably impressed.

And even then I did not realize the object of his visit. I was waiting momentarily for him to say something about Janet Roberts' disappearance.

Instead he reached into his pocket and fished out a long, narrow document and looked at it impersonally.

"I have a warrant here for your arrest, Mr. Bradshaw," he said, "For complicity in the theft of the Everett diamonds."

I STARED at him incredulously and then grew suddenly angry as the chambermaid's grating laugh fell upon my ear. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Brennan's face just beyond the fitful ring of light cast by the flickering hall gas jet. She apparently was struggling between the influence cast by the cocksureness of the law and her own knowledge of my habits and character.

"I think somebody is playing a practical joke on both of us," I said to the policeman at length. "But I'll go with you at once if you'll let me get into some dry clothes."

"Dry clothes won't be needed at all," he disagreed. "I ain't takin' no chances, an' if it's a joke the lieut. may let you off easy."

He gave the impression of a beaglehound who known his business is beagling and insists upon being allowed to beagle without delays and interferences. He appeared to think that making an arrest was boresome because it kept him from arresting somebody else.

But I foresaw that argument would be useless. I was escorted down the steps between two guardians who kept solicitously close to my elbows. I was assited up the rear step of an inclosed vehicle and presently was embarked upon my first ride in a patrol wagon.

The lieutenant in charge at the police station took my appearance with the same philosophical attitude that had characterized the detectives who arrested me.

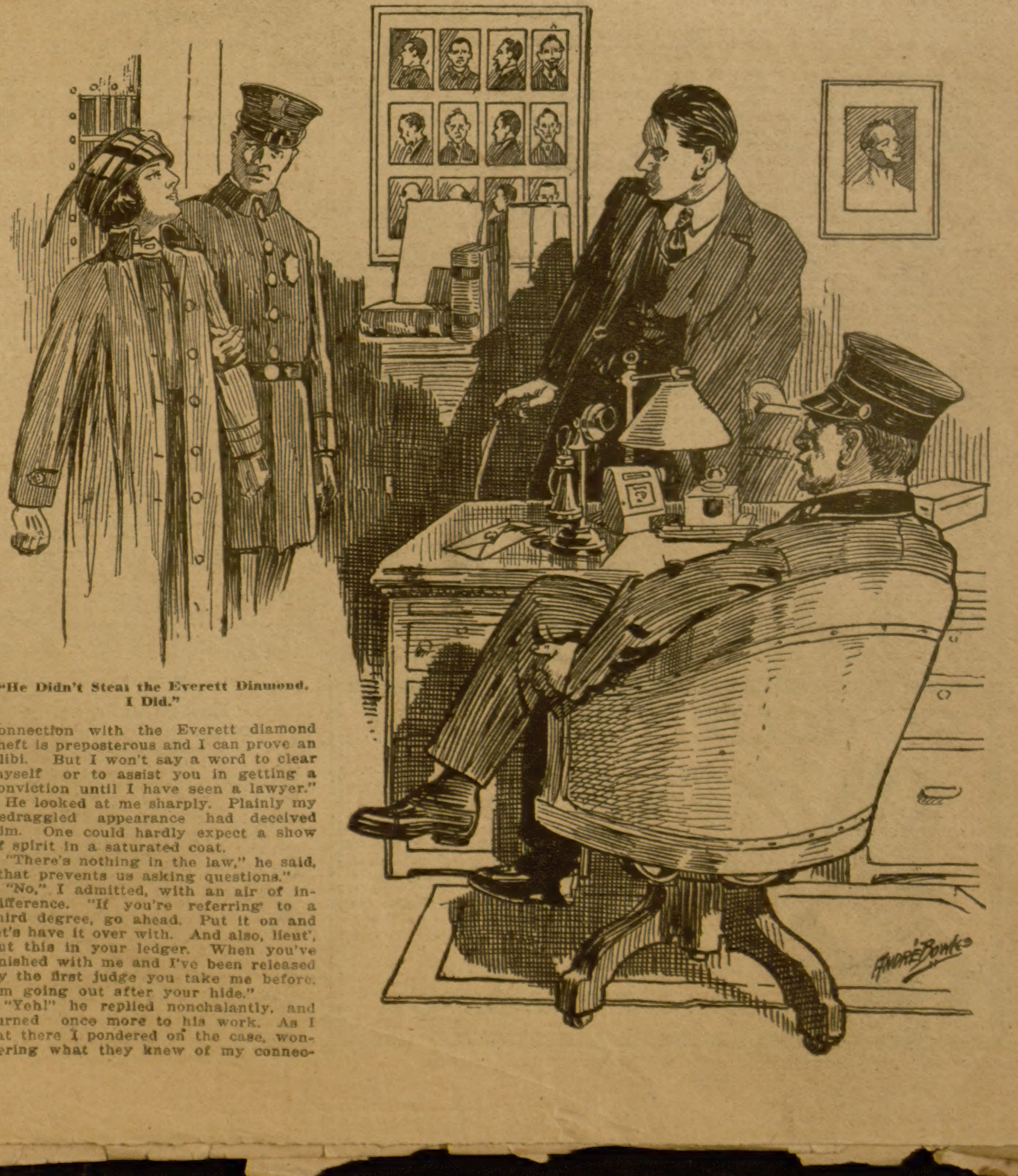
I was escorted into his office and given a chair. After that for perhaps an hour no one paid any more attention to me than if I had been a new coatrack. I have wondered since that pneumonia did not dismiss my case before morning. My sodden clothes were chill and heavy. As they dried on me they became doubly uncomfortable. But I gave no outward sign of care. I realized that my ordeal by fire was just beginning and I resolved that the police would not take the game without proving a right to every trick.

Presently the lieutenant looked up from the papers on his desk.

'Where were you on the night of April 24?" he demanded in a harsh voice.

I grinned. Despite my lack of acquaintance with police courts and their ways as a result of my long career as a salesman, I was by no means an ignoramus.

"That," I replied, "may or may not be your business. The charge of my having connection with the Everett diamond theft is preposterous and I can prove an alibi. But I won't say a word to clear myself or to assist you in getting a conviction until I have seen a lawyer."



"He Didn't Steal the Everett Diamond. I Did."

He looked at me sharply. Plainly my bedraggled appearance had deceived him. One could hardly expect a show of spirit in a saturated coat.

"There's nothing in the law," he said, "that prevents us asking questions."

"No," I admitted, with an air of indifference. "If you're referring to a third degree, go ahead. Put it on and let's have it over with. And also, lieut', put this in your ledger. When you've finished with me and I've been released by the first judge you take me before, I'm going out after your hide."

"Yeh!" he replied nonchalantly, and turned once more to his work. As I sat there I pondered on the case, wondering what they knew of my connection with it. Immediately I decided that they could know nothing. Some one must have given them a tip that I knew more than I was telling and I would be in for considerable cross-examination before I would be allowed to tell my story on the witness stand.

"When we get thru," observed the lieutenant after a long pause, "you may be in a place where they don't allow anybody to go looking for anybody else's hide."

For want of a better reply I grinned. The smile nettled him. His face reddened.

"You come clean with what you know about that robbery," he said abruptly, "and we'll take care of you."

At that I laughed outright.

"That's the sort of stuff they used to use in the Stone Age," I jeered. "If I look like a common crook to you, go ahead with some more of it. If I don't, open the front door and let me go home. In either case you won't find out anything more than you do now because I don't know anything about the case—positively nothing. That's final!"

Where the interview might have led I am in no position to say, for just as the lieutenant was framing an agry reply there was the sound of a commotion in the outer office and an excited sergeant stuck his head in at the door.

"Here's another party on this diamond case, lieut," he called, and disappeared, without awaiting his superior's order to bring this latest suspect iin.

In a minute he was back again leading a haggard, wet, shivering young woman. With a sickening shock I realized that Janet Roberts, kidnaped only a few hours ago, was back again.

"You're trying to hold an innocent man, lieutenant," she said in a dull voice. "He didn't steal the Everett diamond. I did."

CHAPTER XV.

A DISCOUNTED CONFESSION.

I COULD hardly credit my senses.

Here was a girl I had believed in the hands of Rocco and his desperate companions, walking into a police station of her own free will. I had believed her innocent of any complicity in the Everett diamond theft, despite the appearances against her, and yet the first words I had heard her speak since my engagement with Higgins and the Man-With-the-Dog were a confession.

The lieutenant looked startled.

He glared at her sourly. Apparently it was a breach of etiquette that she should have confessed to a crime just as he was accusing me of it. He glared back at me as if he believed us accomplices. I had no right to be innocent.

"You two know each other?" he demanded.

She nodded. I murmured a puzzled affirmative.

"Yeh," he exulted. "This looks like a frame-up."

"Your penetration does you credit," observed the girl ironically. There was something intensely attractive about her as she faced the policeman bravely across his desk, despite the bedraggled condition of her clothes.

"I have said I stole the Everett diamond," she repeated in an icy tone. "Will you take my word for it or must I prove it before I can break into your jail?"

"My dear lady," returned the lieutenant promptly, "you'll have to prove it."

Janet shrugged.

"Why are policemen so constituted that they can't see what's under their noses, but will insist upon searching in some spot seventeen miles away?" she queried insolently.

"The territory under our noses usually is too filled up with people butting into our business for us to see anything else," he returned. "But don't think for a minute that we're not going to give you a chance to make out a case against yourself. Have a chair. After a while we'll talk it over and then the matron will take care of you until morning."

She smiled at him sneeringly and he smiled back without a sneer. I liked him a little in spite of myself.

I could not map out a plan of action because I could not see what would come next. I longed to question Janet about her escape from Rocco, about the deserted house that had vanished. Any of the thousand questions I framed over and over again in my mind might have directed new suspicions toward her and I remained silent.

She dropped into a chair across the room from me.

Her raincoat flew open and I noticed that the jacket of her gray suit was missing. Involuntarily I started. Here at last was a link connecting her with the house in the midst—the ghost of a proof that my mind had not been playing me false.

So we sat until the lieutenant chose to question us again. So we sat nearly all of the night, reawakeened by new queries when rebellious eyes refused to stay open any longer, startled by seemingly irrelevent queries intended to throw us off guard.

At first I could not see why we both were kept in the same room, but the line of questioning soon showed me the shrewdness of the move. Not a single inquiry during that long inquisition was really important. Personal questions they were, all of them. And the lieutenant had a way of asking Janet things and watching me as she answered, and vice versa. My respect for his intelligence rose immediately, altho my anger at his methods and persistence increased in direct ratio.

Finally he decided to end the examination. A turnkey, grumbling at being dragged away from a game of cribbage, escorted me to a cell and a sleepy matron led Janet upstairs.

I DID not sleep much.

The cell was cold and the dampness of my clothes did not add to my comfort.

I lay on a hard shelf and tried to think coherently. My own predicament gave me a very little concern. It would take me perhaps an hour to produce an unbreakable alibi. But Janet—her's was a different affair. It hurt me to think she should turn out to be identified with such crooks as Rocco and the late Terry Higgins. Somehow, in the destruction of my faith in her, my entire outlook had been changed. Humanity would never look quite ts same to me again.

I was no idealist. I realized that the good and the beautiful were not necessarily simultaneous. But for all that I had based my judgment of Janet upon an experience in human nature covering years and years. The discovery that I had been wrong was more than disappointment. It was catastrophe.

When the jailer brought my breakfast in the morning I succeeded in getting him to bring me a pencil, some paper and an envelope. In five minutes I had scribbled a note to a lawyer who was likewise a schoolday acquaintance, and settled myself to await the call to court. My own future was secure.

I saw Janet as we were herded in a grated passageway with vagrants, thieves, and other scum between the cell-house and the police court. The girl looked much better. She seemed to have rested well, her clothes were dry, albeit wrinkled, and her hair was combed.

My lawyer came in presently.

He was quite cheerful.

"They haven't anything on you," he assured me. "You'll be on your way home five minutes after you're arraigned."

"Thanks," I said dryly. "I needed a lawyer to tell me just that. Your only job is going to be to present my abili. Now go over and see if that girl needs any help." I pointed to Janet. "She's confessed to the theft."

He carried out instructions and talked with Janet for a long time, despite her obvious reluctance to employ counsel.

He was still engaged in an argument with her when we were called up to the rail.

The judge turned his attention to the girl.

"I'm afraid I shall have to hold you over to the grand jury in ten thousand dollar bonds," he told her as she repeated the confession made the preceding night to the lieutenant.

"There seems to be something wrong here, but unless you choose to give me more information or alter your story I have only one course."

Then three youths, obviously reporters, altho they carried none of the tools of their trade, leaned across their little table at the end of the rostrum and whispered something to the judge.

"That woman was in our office looking thru our files at 10 o'clock the night of the robbery, judge," said one as soon as he had been properly sworn. "She was there an hour. The robbery was committed at 10:40."

"Are you certain of her identity?" inquired the judge.

The witness murmured something evidently not meant for our ears. "I am certain of it," he declared aloud. "I have seen this young woman perhaps a hundred times in the past five years. I have talked to her frequently."

Janet hung her head.

"Young woman," queried the judge. "Do you still persist in your plea?"

"No, your honor," she replied brokenly. "I see it's of no use."

"Case dismissed," stated the judge.

Now that Janet has been released from custody, on the reporters' testimony that she couldn't posibly have taken the gem, will our hero get off as easily? The next and concluding part of this gripping story ought to explain the whereabouts of the Everett diamond, as well as of the missing House in the Mist and Rocco's shady activities in the strange plot.

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Selection No. 11

The Wreck of the Julie Plante

BY WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND, M. D.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow Julie Plante
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow like hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' the scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de front deck,
An' walk the hind deck, too—
He call de crew up from de hole,
He call de cook, also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge
On the Grand Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes'—
De sou' win' she blow, too;
When Rosie cry, "Mon chere-captinne,
Mon chere, what shall I do?"
Den de captinne he t'row de ank',
But still the scow she dreef,
De captinne can't pass on de shore,
Because he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' one black cat,
De wave run high and fas';
When de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he tak' up the life preserve
An' jump off on de lak'
An' say "Good-by, my Rosie, dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning, very early,
'Bout ha'fpas' two— three—four,
He captinne—he scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore.
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' the scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL.

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
And go an' marry some nice French girl,
An' leeve on wan big farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane,
An' s'pose she blow some more?
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long as you stay on shore.

* * *

Lady Coventry's Beauty.

MARIA GUNNING (Lady Coventry) was so beautiful that she complained to George II. that so many people stared at her whenever she went out that she thought she should be provided with a guard.

On the following Sunday London witnessed a curious spectacle, it is related. Two sturdy sergeants in uniform came marching down the Mall. Behind them walked the lovely Maria and behind her strode twelve guardsmen provided by the King. The populace roared and howled, jeered and joked, hung about the rear of the procession and doubled up with glee as they watched Maria's stately progress. A woman of more sense would never have provoked such an outbreak, or, if embarked on it thoughtlessly, would have retreated when she saw what a spectacle she was making of herself. But Maria was oblivious to insult and coarse jests. For two hours she paraded up and down the Mall, and the excitement mounted so high that several members of the mob were arrested.

Her loveliness waned and she reclined for hours on a couch, gazing into a mirror to try to reassure herself that she was as charming as ever. She could not doubt finally that her radiance was departing. It was then she left her couch and lived thereafter in a great bed hung about with dark curtains. A small lamp gave but a glimmer of light, and neither friends nor servants were allowed to gaze upon the face of the lovely Maria. Even the food that she ate was passed thru the curtains. She died in the year 1760, only 27 years old.

* * *

These Better Days.

"IT DOESN'T take me long to get dressed!" bragged the youngest man.

"It oughtn't to, with all the modern conveniences you have these days," replied the oldish man. "I can remember when the matter of dressing occupied considerable time. That was when we had old-fashioned boots that came to the knees and had to be pulled on over your heels. Take it from me, it required some pull! Then there was the old-fashioned shirt that had to be pulled on over your head.

"Now you have shirts that are put on like a coat, and shoes that are buttoned or laced. Then the cuffs used to be detached from the shirt sleeves, and putting on cuffs was a separate and distinct operation, the same as it is now with collars. At that, I'll bet you will all be wearing shirts with collars and neckties attached before long, and socks that are buttoned instead of merely pulled on. That will be quite an advantage. You'll be able to hike for the 6:45 and button and lace after you are safely aboard. You will be able to start for the train two or three minutes after arising in the morning, allowing a minute and a half for the ready-to-eat breakfast."

"Gee!" exclaimed the young man as he snapped his cuff buttons together like glove buttons. "It must have been a funny sight to see the fellows in the old days pulling on their boots after they reached the train, or hiking for the station with a boot in each hand and a commutation ticket gripped in their mouths!"

"We didn't have to hike for the cars half dressed in those days because the methods of transportation we had at that time didn't run off and leave us if we happened to be two seconds late. In fact, they waited for us if they saw us coming.

"But most of the time we were there before the method of transportation was. They weren't all ready to go as soon as the juice was turned on. The motive power didn't work simply as a result of turning on a switch. It had to be acquired by a slow and laborious process. It had to be backed into the traces after being removed from its stall and its rations, and incased in things which were pulled on over the head.

"The power was started by a whip instead of a switch. Also when the old-fashioned car arrived at its destination the motive power had to be taken out and curried, watered and fed.

"Nowadays a fellow darns his socks even when he has to pull them on over his heels. Before long he'll have shoes with stockings attached. That would save a lot of time, but even that may be too slow for the man of the future. I don't see what the next step would be after that. I don't see how they could go any further with it."

"Unless they get combination shoes-socks-shirt-collar-cuffs-tie-and-hat," suggested the young man, brightly.

* * *

Absent-minded Professor.

PROFESSOR MOONSHINE was a very learned man, but he was even more absent-minded than he was learned. One evening, after telling his housekeeper that he was going to a meeting of the Society Promoted for the Discovery of New Ologies, he forgot where he was going, went into a confectionery store to get his hair cut, and asked the price of umbrellas.

After that he decided to give it up and went home.

He reached home late, and found the place in darkness.

"How annoying!" he thought, for he had forgotten his latchkey. He rang the bell, and at last a sleepy head thrust out of an upper window.

"The professor isn't in," declared the head.

"That's very fortunate," replied the professor. "Tell him I'm sorry I missed him. I'll call again tomorrow."

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THE COQUETTE

By Opie Read

A HILLSIDE creature who during the most of the years wore no shoes, hurt the heart of lank Bill, and he swore that thenceforth woman might safely number him among her enemies. "Don't you ever expect to git married, Bill?" an old man asked, and thus the woman hater answered: "I might when I git hungry and find a woman to feed me, Uncle Ben."

In most instances when man turns against woman he lets his beard bristle, and sinks into the condition of the slouch, but Bill put on a reproachful spruceness. The daughter of an illicit distiller, the belle of the cove, threw out the tenter-hooks of her heart at him, but he dodged and went his way. Another young woman who had issued a defiance that she could dance down any girl in the community smiled peaches and cream at Bill, but—tradition said—he wallowed his tobacco about his mouth, spat on a hound pup lying in the sun and went his way. Finally the hillside creature seeing that Bill was arising into sentimental demand, thought that surely she must have made a mistake in rejecting him; and one day, meeting him in the road, she halted, demurely chewing a string of her bonnet and said:

"Howdy, Bill?"

"Speakin' to me, Miss?"

"Yes, I 'lowed howdy."

"Howdy."

"Ain't forgot me, have you, Bill?"

"Wall, I mout have met you sum'ers, but I don't know whar."

"My, but ain't you pizen! Come on up to the house. Pap. wants to see you."

"Ef he wants to see me, tell him to look at me thru one of these here spyglasses."

"Now your air foolish, better come on up. Mother has jest baked some turn-over pies."

Bill scratched his head. With him the half-moon pie, known as the turnover, had fetching qualities, but fearing that she was seeking to play a trick upon his emotions, he pulled his hat down over his eyes as if to shut out the sight of a great temptation, struck a trot for freedom. By the time he halted, upon him had come the resolve to leave the neighborhood. So, the next day, with his belongings tied in a red bandanna handkerchief, he moved down to the lowlands.

At a little tavern on the banks of a river now raging with the May swell, he put up, hoping that he might get something to do next day, but just before dawn there came a rush of headwater and the town was swept out of existence. Every year the village had been threatened, but as this was the first time that it had been washed away, the calamity was unexpected. In the dark there arose shouts of terror, the squealing of hogs and the wild neighing of horses. In the dull red of an occasional glow of lightning from the hills, far away, Bill could see houses sweeping past him. He was clinging to the swaying bough of a tree and could not afford to turn loose.

Among illicit distillers in the hills he had been taught the meaning of hospitality, and he reflected that this was a peculiar way to treat a stranger, and he shouted his criticism, but no one heeded him. The water was fast rising, his tree was bending low, and he was forced to swim for his life. Half the time under water, tumbled over and over like a chunk, he was tossed out into the great boiling tide of the river.

The darkness was profound; the lightning had ceased. He struck something that rode high, scrambled upon it and in exhaustion lay almost unconscious. As his strength returned and as the day began to dawn, he saw that his craft was a seasoned sycamore log. He could not see to the end of it, but he thought that he heard voices. Evidently he was an intruder, but the log was surely buoyant enough for all and there was not likely to be a fight for life.

THE morning was girted about with a black cloud, and the sun came with a burst, and down the log he saw a woman and a man.

"Good morning," said Bill. The woman looked about and with a start he recognized the hillside creature who had set her bare foot upon his heart.

"What, Liza, is that you?"

"Nothin' shorter," replied the girl.

"And what brought you down here?"

"Why, I 'lowed mebby you wanted some of them pies."

"Well, if you've got 'em right handy, pass me over one."

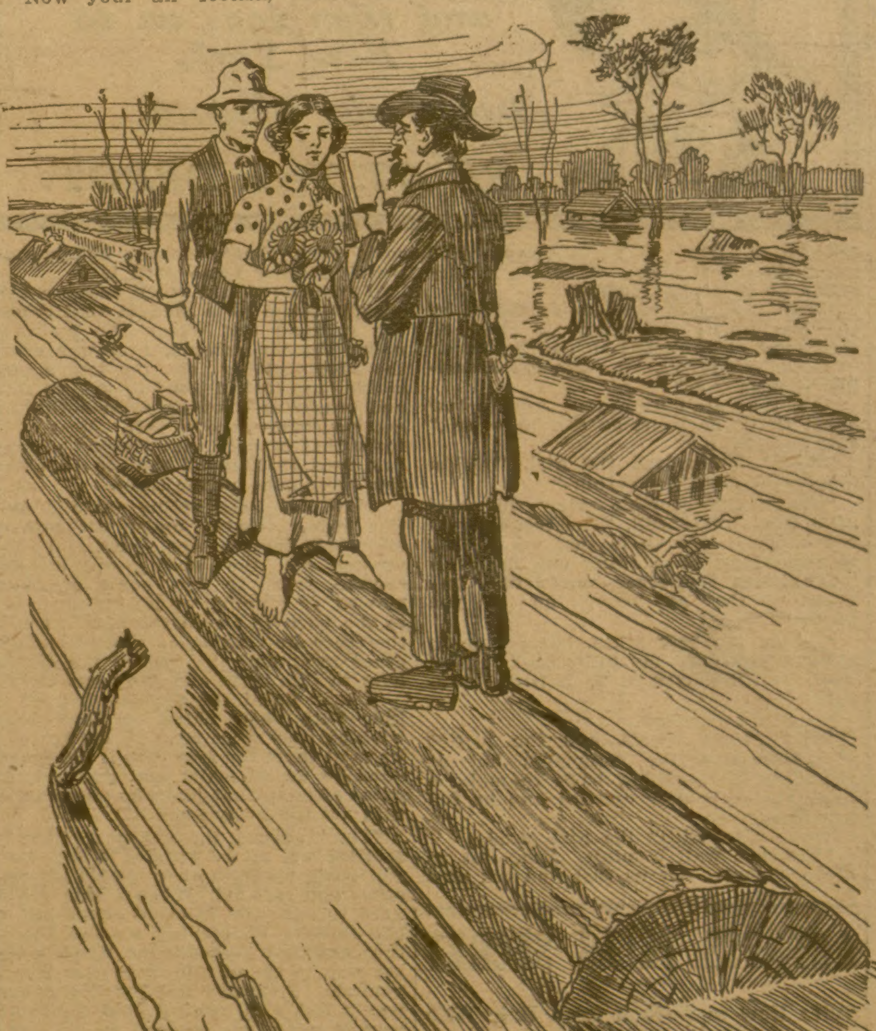
She brought him a pie and smiled upon him as he ate it. "Who's your friend down thar?"

"I don't know. Him and me hit the log about the same time."

"Have you give him any of yo' pies?"

"No. Mother baked 'em for you, an' I 'lowed I might meet you summers down this here creek."

"You air a mighty fine gal, Liza. Thank you for another one, please.



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32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
32x4	8.25	2.40	36x5	12.75	3.65
33x4	8.50	2.50	37x5	12.75	3.75

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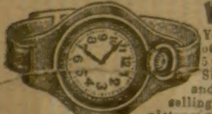
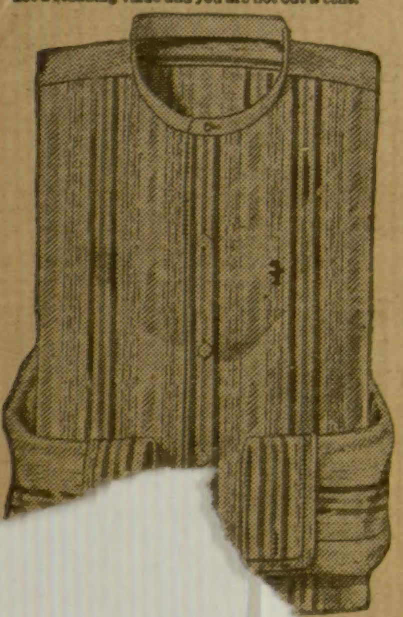


Wrist Watch Given

You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Valliers and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the $2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO.

Dont Send a Penny

Men—we are smashing all records—down go our silk shirt prices—act while bargain lasts—nothing like this offer. Send only the coupon—return shirt if not a stunning value and you are not out a cent.



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GINGOLD IS COMING!

His train pulls into the Ledger depot next Saturday.

He remains five weeks, and then goes on to New York.

Don't miss Gingold.

BE AT THE DEPOT.

What's yo' friend's name?" he asked her.

"I hain't been introduced to him yit, I tell you."

"Call him down an' I'll introduce him to you."

The man was called, came down; he told his name and was introduced. "What's yo' business when you air at yo'se'f?" Bill inquired.

"I was a jestice of the peace befo' my show washed away."

"Putty good business, I reckon."

"Yes, mid'lin', in the spring of the year, an' I hate to be washed away right at this time."

"What makes the business better in the spring? More hogs stole?"

"No, more women stole—more marriages."

"Didn't know that thar was so much money in marriages now that they don't have to have license around here."

"Ther ain't fur the county, but thar's mo' fur the jedge. We ketch 'em when they air lovin' an' tender an' charge 'em what we please."

"Wall, outen compliment to the situation, I reckon you would marry me an' this here gal fur putty nigh nothin', wouldn't you?"

"Wall, I mout take all you've got an' then marry you fur putty much nothin'."

"But we ain't said nothin' about maryin'," declared the girl, her eyes cast down. "Befo' I git married I like to be asked."

"But hain't you axed me?" Bill replied.

"For pity sakes, I hain't done nothin' of the sort."

"You hain't? Wall, when a woman follows a man with turn-over pies what else do it mean. What's you' decision on that p'int, jedge?"

"Wall, the statutes, as amended by the last gineral assembly, is clear on that p'int, 'lowin' that sich is the case."

"Liza," said Bill, "the gineral assembly is agin you."

"Ah, thar ain't no appeal from a law court that's as swift as this here one," said the judge.

"Well," whimpered the girl, "ef I'm helpless I can't do nothin'."

"That's the sensible view to take of it, Liza," said Bill. "The trouble with the average woman is that when thar is two views of a thing she most always takes the other one. Jedge, jest stand up thar an' marry us ef you please."

"I'll do the best I kin, but my shoes air run down an' my heels doesn't hold well, so I'll hatter to be a little keerful."

THEY joined hands, and the justice pronounced the ceremony, but at the close, in stepping back to make a bow, his heels flew upward and he fell into the river.

"Save him, Bill!" the girl cried.

"Yes, but wait a minit. Don't let us be in a rush. Let us fust find out how we stand. We don't know how fur we've got to go, an' you'd better look in you' basket an' see ef you've got pies enough fur him, too."

"Thar's a-plenty, Bill; save him."

"All right; I'll leave the household affairs to you."

The justice was saved. "I owe it to you," he said to the girl, "and I want to thank you."

"Yes, jedge," she replied, "you owe it to me, fur ef you had drownded thar wouldn't 'a' been no proof of the marriage, an' that woud 'a' made the statutes of the gineral what's-his-name look sick, wouldn't it?"

❦ ❦ ❦

Other People's Joys.

"THAT'S a nobby little cottage and a husky little place!" said the brakeman to the conductor. "A little house like that on a hill among the trees is my ideal home! I'd be happy if I had a home like that out in the country with plenty of fresh milk and eggs and a creek and a springhouse! Everything looks as if supper was ready right now! Some people have all the best of it!"

"They all look good when they're far away," said the conductor. "Last night my wife and I saw lights over in my sister's house around the corner, and it looked so gay we thought they were having a party. We sure envied them having so much money that they had to give a party to get rid of it. I saw my sister the next day and told her about it, and she said just at the minute when everything was so brilliantly illuminated and looked so gay she was weeping over some pork chops because her husband wasn't coming home until late.

"I remember that when I was a kid I used to stand on a viaduct that crossed the railroad and watch the trains go under the viaduct and I always envied the people riding on the trains. The trains sure looked good to me, all shiny and brassy and rolling so smoothly and getting somewhere so fast. Most of the folks that crossed that viaduct night or day used to kind of sigh to be among the lucky ones on the train.

"Now I've been riding up and down this road, crossing under that viaduct every day for fourteen years, and I look up and see the ucky peope strolling around, free to go home or to the movies, or courting or joy riding or over to the park to sit on the benches under the trees, or visiting around among each other swapping lies, while I'm chained here to this train and can't get away.

"I look up at the viaduct and see the kids with their chins on their hands wishing they were me, and I'm scared to wave at them for fear they'll get encouraged to do as I did and get into this game of mine that looks so good to those that are far away from it."

"Yes," agreed the engineer who had strolled up, as he twisted a big watch and chain up from away inside his overalls, "you said it! When I was a kid I used to pass the railroad shops and see the fellows monkeying around the big fires, and that looked to me like the softest way to spend time that ever was invented. I always fell for fires when I was a kid, and getting paid for fooling around with 'em, seemed to me, would make a fellow ashamed to take the money.

"Then I got a job in the shops, where I poked around with my face all blackened up like a monkey, while the rest of the world went by in clean collars and laundered shirts, maybe with a gal on each arm, on the way to the ice cream saloon. I used to see drummers who got big money for writing down 'two dozen this' and 'eight dozen that' in order books, and I sure thought then that I was getting the hot end of it with my furnaces always going full blast——"

"Back up!" yelled a switchman out of the night.

❦ ❦ ❦

At the Jail.

"THEN the warden wouldn't let you give those flowers to a murderer?"

"There were no murderers. So I had to give them to a mere burglar."

ACTRESS TELLS SECRET

Tells How to Darken Gray Hair With a Home-Made Mixture.

Joicey Williams, the well-known American actress, recently made the following statement about gray hair and how to darken it, with a home-made mixture:

"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray, streaked or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

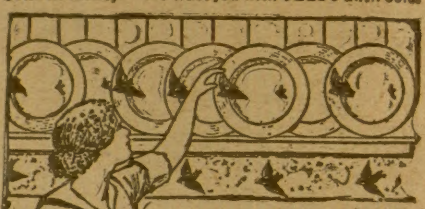
These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

GIVEN TO YOU CHOICE OF

Fine Premiums For Selling Our

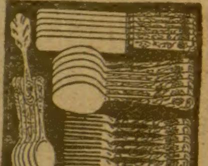
PRIZE WINNING GARDEN SEEDS

Send no money. We trust you with SEEDS until sold.



31 Piece Dinner Set

Lucky Blue-Bird design, artistically decorated. Similar sets retail at $10.00. 31 full sized pieces in the set, given according to plan in our catalog. Send for 40 packs high grade seeds, selling at 10c large pack.



26 Piece Table Set—knives, forks, teaspoons, sugar shell and butter spreader. Beautiful pattern; durable silveroid. Handsome gift for selling only 40 packs of seeds, at 10c per large pack.

4 Fine Lace Curtains

Handsome, full length curtains. Given for selling only 40 packs seeds, at 10c large pack.

Blue Bird Water Set—6 fine shell glasses, and full sized pitcher of tne very newest shape. Handsomely decorated with the popular blue bird. Given for selling only 40 packs of our high grade seeds.

DON'T LOSE TIME—Send today for 40 packets of these fine seeds. Sell your friends seeds before they buy elsewhere. We trust you. No money in advance. Our seeds are all in large handsomely colored packets—SELL ON SIGHT.

AMERICAN SEED CO., Box 906, Lancaster, Pa.

TALKING MACHINE FREE

A REAL MACHINE WHICH REPRODUCES TALKING, SINGING AND DANCE MUSIC PERFECTLY

This is the old reliable company—we treat you right.

We pay the postage on everything.

Plays any size or make disc record. Strongly and durably made, will give you pleasure for years. Fully guaranteed. We give machine with record free for selling only 40 packets of G. den Spot Seeds for us at 10c per pack. No money required, WE TRUST YOU. Write for seeds today. When sold, send $4.00 collected and Talking Machine, complete, is yours.

Lancaster County Seed Co., Sta. 20, PARADISE, PA.

SIX ELEGANT LACE CURTAINS FREE TO LADIES

Send no money. Simply name and address. We will send you postpaid 40 packets of our famous Garden Seeds which you sell to your friends at 10c each. Return us $4.00 collected and we will immediately send you six (three pair) beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains nearly three yards long. You will be proud of them. Write today.

WILSON SEED CO.
Dept. A 611 Tyrone, Pa.

Doll Given FREE

Look Girls, this big, beautiful jointed, dressed doll with curl locks and "go to sleep" eyes, w be **given to you free** for selling only 40 packets of our Big Valu Garden Seeds at 10c per Mamm packet. Seeds sell easy. house takes 3 or 4 packs. you. **Send no money.** send for seeds. Sell th doll is yours. Don't wait, w

HAWKEYE SEED CO. Ind

MENDING TISSUE TH T

sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, ki toshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 c

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Bla

Home Money Making

Work That's Play
—Good Profits
Guaranteed

(No Previous Experience Necessary)

Take up the craft of modern knitting. It is far more interesting than wishing; and it realizes wishes—it provides light, easy home occupation that means the additional dollars of income.

KNIT ALL-WEAR FOR US

All-wear is our standard brand of woolen half-hose. Thousands of users of the Gearhart Family Knitter are specializing on All-wear under our attractive Profits Guarantee.

PROPOSITION IS JUST THIS

You do the knitting we furnish the yarn and do the selling—and pay you an attractive (guaranteed) rate per dozen pair of hose for the knitting alone, plus good prices for All-wear, which the demand enables us to get for you

MAKE AND SAVE MONEY

on the wonderful swift Gearhart Family Knitter. The Knitter, itself, is so simple a child quickly learns to run it, yet its modest purchase price is only half what you would have to pay for slower, heavier, complicated machines that are hardly its equal in the kind or character of work done.

WE SELL YOUR ALL-WEAR AT TOP MARKET PRICES

If you knit only for the family needs, the saving right along is considerable; and usually neighbors and local dealers, too, are glad to pay fancy prices for knitted wear. But remember, knitting All-wear solves the question of a good, year-round market—for we want all you can supply us with.

Don't Overlook this Opportunity.

Send 10c for Samples of Knitting, Profit Guide Book and other particulars.

Gearhart Knitting Machine Co.
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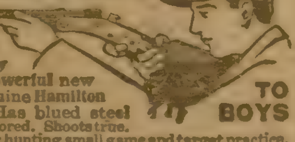
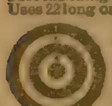
22 RIFLE FREE



TO BOYS

We want to give every live American boy one of these powerful new 1916 model genuine Hamilton Rifles FREE. Has blued steel barrel carefully bored. Shoots true. Just the thing for hunting small game and target practice. Uses 22 long or short standard cartridges and will kill at a long distance. Just sent us your name and address and we will tell you how to get one of these fine rifles absolutely FREE —express prepaid. If you are prompt and write right away we will also give you 50 targets free with the rifle. Address Rifle Co., 700 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



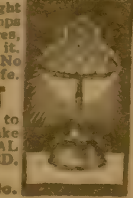
ALL THESE FREE

This Victory Red Persian Ivory Pendant and Neck Chain (30 inches long), these 4 handsome Gold plated Rings and this lovely Persian Ivory Lavalliere and Neck Chain are all guaranteed and will be Given FREE for selling only 12 of our new Gloria Jewelry Novelties, which go quickly at 15c. each. Persian Ivory is all the rage.

B. A. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

Beats Gas or Electricity

Sent Anywhere ON 15 DAYS' TRIAL



Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For Homes, Stores, Halls, Churches. A child can carry it. Burns 94% Air. No Wick. No Chimney. No Dirt. No Smoke. No Odor. Absolutely Safe.

COSTS 1 CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. Write today. AGENTS WANTED.

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35 Factory Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

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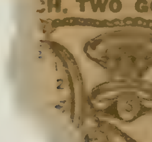

GIVEN Genuine American Watch guaranteed by maker and these Gold Rings and Chain all for selling 40 packets garden seeds at 10c each and returning the $4.00 collected. Many other premiums. Big cash commission if desired Write quick.

WILSON SEED COMPANY
Dept. C21, Tyrone, Pa.

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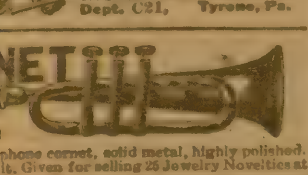

o-phone cornet, solid metal, highly polished. ay it. Given for selling 25 Jewelry Novelties at gle Watch Co., Dept. 488, East Boston, Mass.

Concluding

The Battle of the Giants

By Philip Duffield Stong

Told in Last Week's Installment

When Steel was twitted that the pretty mine owner's daughter had "vamped" him into the service of her father as a "sneaking spy and strikebreaker," he promptly assured the miners that he had not gone over to the enemy, but as to his relations with the girl and her family he remained silent, altho he had told Elsa that her father's fight was not his—Steel's—fight. Elsa's mother, even tho her beauty had been despoiled by a brutal striker, made it plain to Steel that neither she nor her daughter were always in accord with Mr. Halden in his frequent troubles with his men over wages and other grievances. "I fight for principle, not to save money," was the mine owner's usual come-back.

Steel secretly invaded the Finns' hall and destroyed much powder and dynamite he found concealed in the attic, where he also discovered a number of guns and material for bombs. He worked over the guns for some time, but what he did to them evidently added nothing to their usefulness as weapons. When Steel, O'Hare and their picked men had surrounded the shacks occupied by the strikebreakers, and both factions seemed to be fairly itching for their first deadly encounter, Halden approached Steel's crowd, and his first question was a characteristic one: "What are you scum doing on my property?"

CHAPTER VII. (Continued).

O'HARE smiled up at him sweetly. "We're pickin' primroses and forget-me-nots for the maypole, sor," he said with saccharine gentleness. Halden stared at him coldly for a moment, but the spirit in the air was too much for him.

A broad grin broke over his face, and the corners of every man's mouth twitched sympathetically.

"I'm thinkin' it's some large purple ones you'll find before the day's over, boys. Don't get yourselves all tired out for the dance, pickin' the flowers."

Then his eyes fell upon Steel. "So?" he said gently, "I rather imagined that this would happen. Well, God help the man that falls into your hands—I call to your attention that 'falls' is particularly appropriate in this connection."

"I'm sorry, Halden, it's what I had to do."

"I'm sorry, too," Halden replied gruffly," and I imagine a good many of these fellows will be sorry. I hope that you won't cause yourself any regrets."

Steel looked straight into the man's eyes. "I don't know exactly what you mean by that—but I have a suspicion. I don't think that's very fair, Mr. Halden." Both of their eyes traveled at once to the house on the hill. Elsa and her mother were standing on the porch, and as they looked, Steel caught the faint glitter of a pair of glasses in Elsa's hand. So she would see the battle! A sudden fierce desire for the fight came to him, and he turned sharply away from the owner. The same thing seemed to have come to Halden, and it occurred to Steel that he, too, was fighting for the woman he loved, and in her eyes.

Halden went to the door of the middle bunkhouse and called. "Come on out, boys, we've got a hard day's work ahead, and the mine's waiting for us." He said it formally, like a religious or legal rote, and the fact struck cold upon Steel's heart. He was only a young man after all, and Halden was so old in these affairs!

Almost immediately they heard brief sounds of struggle from the first bunkhouse, a cry, and O'Hare's harsh voice. "Stay in there, ye muck, or I'll break yer d—d head!"

Hennessy, too, heard, for he rushed to the door, almost throwing Halden over. At the door he met Dubbel and his two [illegible]tants. The two men stood back and Hennessy struck with lightning quickness at the big Austrian. The blow caught Dubbel fairly in the chest, but beyond a grunted "Huh!" it was apparently without effect. Hennessy seemed more or less surprised. He knew the advantage of the first blow, however, and he followed Dubbel up, smashing ferociously at his face and body. Dubbel did not care to have one of those sledgehammer drives land on a vital spot, and retaliated in kind. A skirmish had begun at the other shacks, but stopped when the men heard the thudding of blows that would have crushed them.

Five hundred pounds of bone and muscle gone amuck is a sight that it is worth while seeing. Hennessy skipped a swing off Dubbel's cheek and opened it up to the bone; Dubbel barely touched the ground and was up with a roar that startled the friends of this quiet, pleasant workman. He was anything but quiet and pleasant now, his lips curled back from his teeth, his pale blue eyes almost phosphorescent.

Evidently he recognized the futility of his trying to trade blows with the Irishman, for he rushed in, took a few short punches that further swelled his battered face, and closed. The great arms, as large as a small man's thigh, closed around the heavy body of his opponent, and constricted like the coils of a python. There was a snap and a groan, and Dubbel swung the great animal over his head and threw him back thru the doorway.

They had all heard and took it for granted that with a broken rib, Hennessy would be out of the fighting for a while. Dubbel turned with a smile to Steel, and at that moment a bellow sounded from the doorway. Hennessy shot out like a bullet and swung squarely upon the Austrian's jaw. Dubbel gave a little throaty chuckle and sank to the earth.

"Come on, lads, we're goin' to work." Hennessy shouted and struck at the man closest. This was Steel's remaining helper at the door and he ducked under the blow and returned it with the full force of his body, upon the side which Hennessy was favoring, the one that had a broken bone. Apparently, it had no effect, and the next moment Hennessy took his man by the loose clothing and the scruff of the neck and threw him the width of the barracks. He rose, but wisely kept out of Hennessy's reach.

"And now is there any awther mon to prevent an honest laborer from goin' to his hard day's toil?" The men were gathered at the door, tho a guerrilla warfare still obtained at the windows, where Steel's men had an easy advantage.

Steel had a fine sense for dramatic proportion. He walked over to Hennessy meditatively, chewing a wisp of grass. "Why, Mr. Hennessy—I presume you are that amiable gentleman—if no one else will prevent you, I will endeavor to accommodate."

Hennessy stared and then broke into a bull's bellow of laughter [illegible]

(Continued on Page 18.)

~~$2.50~~ Horsehide Wool Lined Mittens

$1.29

This is the first time in 20 years mittens of this quality have sold at so low a price. Dealers are charging $2.50 right this minute. But we have pounded prices to rock bottom. The manufacturers need money. We paid said cash. The result is the most gigantic price smashing sale ever held in the glove business. Order today—now immediately. It probably will be years before you can get such a bargain again.

Send No Money

Send your name and address on the coupon now. Do not send a penny. Send immediately.

Starr & Starr, 910 West Van Buren Street
Dept. 1531 Chicago, Ill.

Send me one pair full genuine Horsehide mittens with heavy all-wool lining, elastic hug-me-tight wristbands. When the mittens come, I will pay the postman only $1.29 and postage. If I do not agree that they are the greatest bargain I have ever seen, I shall send them back and my money will be refunded instantly. I do not risk a penny.

Name..

Address..

Send No Money

Send your name and address today. Don't send a penny. We will send you free, either of these solid gold rings set with a genuine DIAMIDE, weighing about a carat. DIAMIDES are the greatest gems ever made by man. They exceed both in hardness and in brilliance all jewels, except the diamond. They are more difficult to melt than platinum—no known acid can mar them. They are indestructible, their brilliance lasts forever

Write Today Just tell us which ring you wish (men's or ladies'). When the ring is delivered pay the postman $6.96. Nothing more to pay. We even pay postage and tax. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back and we will refund every cent of your money at once. You do not risk a penny. Order today. Be sure to send finger size.

Cross & Co. 909 W. Adams St., Dept. 3531 Chicago, Ill.

FREE

Military finish air rifle. Sen 8 boxes Mentho Nova salve at 25c.
U. S. Supply Co., Box 62, Greenville, Pa.

Send No Money

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

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Why pay big prices for clothing when you can sew most of your own clothes on an Improved Thiery Sewing Machine and save all those big profits?

See the wonderful Thiery Sewing Machine yourself. Try it FREE in your own home for ten days—use it—test it—compare it with other machines. Don't pay us one cent until you have convinced yourself that the THIERY is the best Sewing Machine you have ever seen at the prices asked. Ship it back at our expense if you are not more than pleased. You take no risk—no chance at all.

Unlimited Guarantee

Shipped Direct From Factory To Your

$1.00 AFTER 10 DAYS

Only $1.00—yes, that is all we ask you to pay after 10 days' trial and then the balance in easy monthly payments. Terms so liberal that the money you can save by doing your own sewing will easily pay for the machine. The most surprising values ever offered on a high grade Sewing Machine. Don't be without one of these Thiery Money Savers in your home!

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THIERY SEWING MACHINES ARE HUMMERS

Thiery Sewing Machines are not ordinary machines. They are made of the finest selected materials, have all of the newest and best improvements: Automatic Tension Release, Positive Take-up, Extra High Arm, Self-Setting Needle, Automatic Bob Winder, Ball-bearing Stand. Silent and easy running. Ever thing the best. It is a machine you'll be proud to own.

Remember, we ship direct from the factory to your home. You save all the inbetween profits. Keep the extra $25.00 or $40.00 in your own pocket and get a genuine Thiery Sewing Machine. Built to give you lifetime service and satisfaction.

J. B. THIERY CO.
Dept. M MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Mortimer Tangle

By Wilder Anthony

Told in First Installment

JAMES MORTIMER, shrewd business man and multi-millionaire, following a slight attack of illness, had the grewsome and startling experience of waking up in a coffin, fully shrouded and prepared for burial, in an upper chamber of his own stately and luxurious residence. There he lay, flat upon his back, his hands folded across his breast. It was no weird dream; the massive casket, the small, hard pillow beneath his head, the dim light of the room—these were all real, there could be no mistake about either.

The calendar on the mantel showed that he had been unconscious for thirty-six hours, at least. On regaining his full senses the millionaire resolved to show Dr. Newman, his physician, as well as convince his wife and servants, that he was far from being a dead man. Then, certain suspicions crept into his mind, and to satisfy himself concerning them he got up, threw off his ghastly robes and dressed himself in a suit of clothes he had once discarded. Upon going to the small safe in the library, for the purpose of securing his last will and testament, he overheard a conversation between

DR. NEWMAN and Mrs. Mortimer, his wife, and their whispered words were enough to confirm his suspicions that the physician already had hopes of becoming his successor as the woman's husband and chief participator in the widow's ten million dollar legacy. Great was the shock, however, when

MRS. MORTIMER was informed by a servant that her husband's body had disappeared during the night. More mystery was added to the affair when she and Dr. Newman failed to find her husband's will after a thoro search thru the safe. Hours before this proceeding James Mortimer, thoroly alive, and with a strange idea in his head, had pocketed the document and quietly stolen out into the night.

CHAPTER III.
THE LIVING DEAD.

JAMES MORTIMER easily succeeded in getting away from the immediate vicinity of his home without meeting any one who knew him. Owing to the lateness of the hour—nearly 1 o'clock—the streets were practically deserted, and with his hat pulled well down over his eyes, the millionaire stood little chance of being recognized by any of the few pedestrians he met as he pursued his lonely way. As he walked, he rapidly revolved in his mind the plan, which he had already begun to form.

At first he had intended to leave the city temporarily that same night, but as he thought over the scheme he was slowly perfecting he decided against this. His plans called for the use of considerable money, more money than he had with him just then, and before he disappeared for a time he knew that he must arrange his financial affairs. He would wait a few hours before he left town. Since his plans also called
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distance from the street in the midst of a large rose garden and lawn, the whole being surrounded by a thick hedge. As James had expected, the entire lower story was dark, but there was a light in a corner room on the second floor, also just as the visitor had expected, for, altho the brothers had not been especially intimate of late, the millionaire was well acquainted with the younger man's habits. Something of a student and a good deal of a recluse, Phillip often remained in his study until far into the night. James smiled grimly to himself when he saw the light, for it suited his needs exactly; there would be no danger now of awakening the servants, who slept on the third floor at the rear.

Making his way thru the garden with extreme care, the millionaire finally halted at a point directly beneath the lighted window. Here he stooped to gather a small handful of gravel from the path, and tossed it against the window panes. A moment after the tiny stones rattled against the glass, the shade was up, and the man in the shrubbery beneath saw his brother's tall, gaunt figure outlined against the light. James stepped out into the path and gesticulated for an instant; then Phillip raised the window.

"Well?" he demanded. "What is it? Who are you?"

"It's I—Jim—Phil," the man on the ground answered, grinning to himself at the other's start of surprise. Not until that second had he remembered what a shock his living presence must be to his brother. "Don't stare, man. Let me in quick, and be quiet. I'll explain everything in a minute."

"You, Jim? Good God!" Phillip Mortimer stared down into the garden in amazement. He was not normally a nervous man, and he had too much sense to be fearful of ghosts, but for a second or so he was a bit startled. The familiar sound of his brother's voice reassured him, however, and he recovered his poise quickly. "All right," he whispered. "Go 'round to the door, Jim; I'll be down in a jiffy."

Three minutes later James was safely inside the house and on his way upstairs. As the two men stepped into the lighted study, Philip turned and shot a shrewd look at his guest.

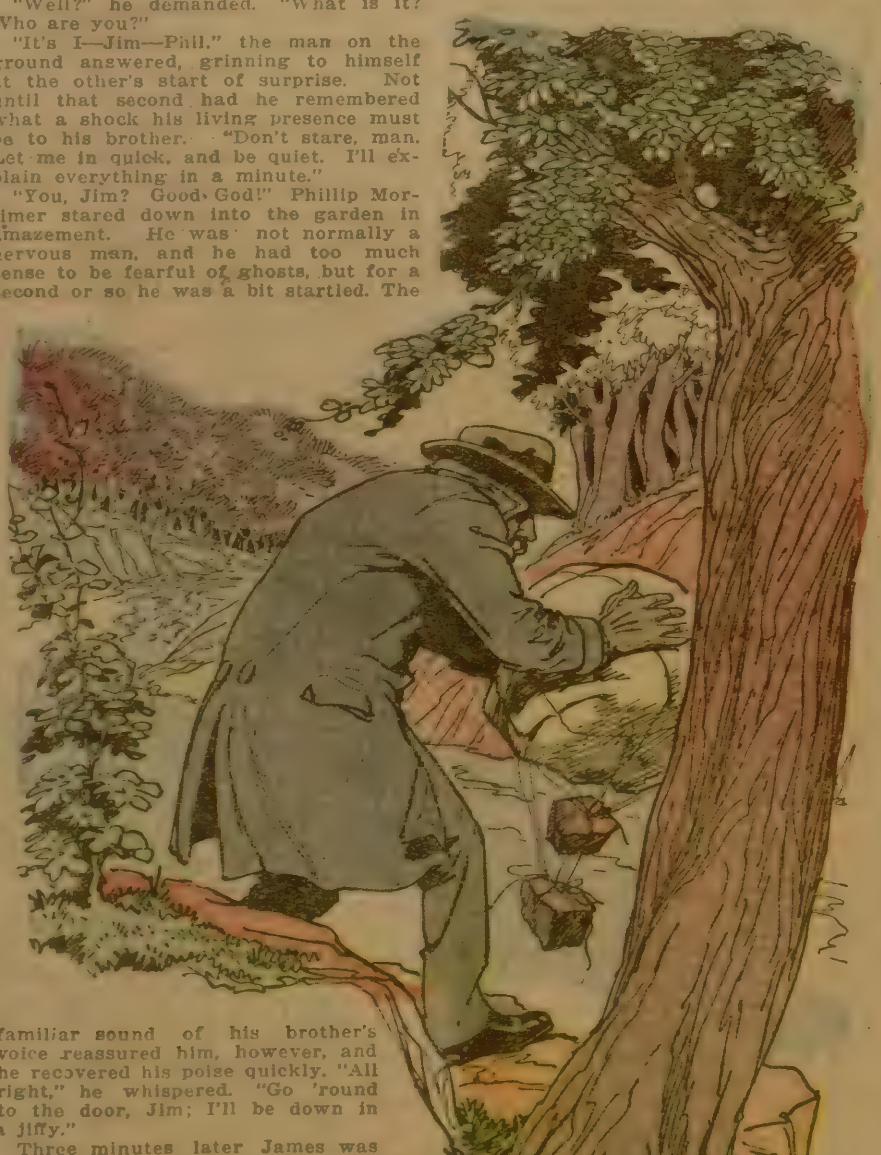
"So it's really you, Jim, after all," he exclaimed. "Heavens, how you startled me, man! I thought at first—but never mind. It's enough to say that the last time I saw you you were dead. At least, Newman said you were dead. What—how do you come to be here? At this ungodly hour, too. What's happened, anyhow?" He caught his brother's hand and squeezed it as if to assure himself that it was real flesh and blood.

James returned the pressure heartily. "Nothing dead about me, Phil," he grinned, throwing himself into a chair, "tho it might be better for some people if I hadn't waked up. As it is, nobody but you knows that I'm not a corpse. I've come on business, Phil; I'll have to talk fast. I'm leaving town at daylight."

He went on to explain the events of the night, or such portions of them as he considered essential, to his brother, who listened in silence. At the end, Phillip scowled shrewdly.

"So that's it, eh?" he muttered. "Well, I'm not as much surprised as you might expect, Jim. With the exception of yourself, 'most everyone's had an idea how things were going for some time. I even thought of mentioning it to you once, in fact; but—well, you know how hard it is to talk about such things. Besides, I've always put the blame on Newman alone. Mona's been foolish, perhaps; some women just can't help flirting, you know; but I've always felt that she cared for you. Then you got sick, and it was too late. It's the devil's own mess! I never could stomach Newman, d—n him! Never could see why you patronized the fellow, Jim; as a physician he stands high, I know, but personally . . ."

"I know, I know, Phil. Let's not discuss it, please," James interrupted hastily. "I've been a blind fool, I suppose—the husband usually is in such cases—but I'm awake at last—very much awake." He chuckled grimly. "I'll take care of Newman from now on; he'll suffer some before I'm thru with him, curse him! But first there are other matters. As I told you, I'm going away for a bit—a few months, or a year, maybe. People think I'm dead; let 'em continue to think so. I don't want a hint of my continued existence to get out. Not a single hint, Phil. That's why I'm going to New York this morning; I can lose myself there, and I've a plan in mind. Never mind what, just now. All things are possible in the big city, you know; epecially if a man has money; and so far as the world is concerned James Mortimer has already ceased to exist. When I come back here again it'll be under a new name, and—well, I'll tell you the rest later on. What I want from you now, in addition to your pledge of secrecy, is money."



He Dropped It Into the Water.

"Money?"

"Yes, money. I've got some with me—enough for current expenses—but I must have more soon; a good deal more. Being supposed dead, it will be impossible for me to draw against my private account. That's where you come in, Phil. You always carry a pretty heavy cash balance, I know, and it won't inconvenience you to help me. You'll be protected, of course; I mean in the event that anything should happen to me. I've already tied Mona's hands: I've got the the will safe and sound. She'll inherit nothing of mine now. My estate will go to you entire, Phil, so that if my present scheme fails you'll be reimbursed for whatever you advance me. Newman has already certified my death, I suppose, and there must be plenty of witnesses besides, so that, even without the evidence of my body, there should be no real hitch in proceedings. You'll probably get control of my property, temporarily at least, even sooner than we think. Understand?"

PHILLIP nodded. "Of course," he said, "but I'm not worrying about that, Jim. We've helped each other out of holes before this without thought of repayment; I'll help you now. Just the same, I'm hanged if I can see your game. Why all the mystery? Why don't you confront Mona and Newman with the facts? It's simpler. Besides, it's barely possible that you're making a mountain out of a molehill. Mona may not be what you think; you can't always bank on appearances, you know.'"

"I know, but I don't want to interfere with them just yet, Phil," the older man shook his head decidedly. "Your way is simpler—true. But better—no." His lips cracked in mirthless grin. "I'm not looking for the quick, easy way just now, Phil; I'm looking for revenge, and I mean to have it right down to the dregs. Those two people have made a fool of me; I'm a laughingstock in Newman's eyes, at least. He's got to suffer, Phil. By God! he's got to pay!" As he uttered the last words James Mortimer crashed his fist down on the arm of his chair and glared at his brother with eyes from which, temporarily at least, the light of reason seemed to have fled.

Phillip shrugged his shoulders. Whatever his inward thoughts, he knew his brother, and he knew the futility of trying to argue with him in his present mood. For the time being the man was gripped by an obsession which could not be thwarted. He shuddered inwardly as he thought of what was in store for Dr. Newman.

"I have a plan," James went on after a moment, in a quieter tone. "It's imperfect as yet, but it'll serve. Newman has a weakness, you know—it's common knowledge—he gambles. I mean to play upon that weakness, Phil. I'm going to ruin him first. Then—then we'll see. You needn't worry. There'll be no killing; no rough stuff, Phil. It would be too easy for him—that way. He's got to suffer, Phil. He's got to know, as I know now—what it is to live in hell! As for my w—for Mona, she can wait. She's made her bed; let her lie in it. So far as Mona is concerned, I'm dead."

Phillip nodded quietly. "Very well," he said, "have it your own way, Jim. After all, you know your business best. How much cash do you want?"

"Five thousand now—more later on, as I may need it. This scheme of mine will take money, big money; but I've got that, thank God, even if it's about all I have got. You'd betteer make arrangements to convert some securities into ready money, Phil. I'll need it."

"Five thousand, eh. That's a lot of money, Jim. I haven't anything like that amount in the house. I can give you my check, of course, but . . ."

"A check will do nicely, Phil. I'll deposit it in a New York bank in a day c
two; I have plenty of cash for curr
use, you know. Make your check
to Jerrold Thorpe—that's the name
travel under—I'll send you my addr
later. I shall keep in touch with y
of course. But you must be care
old man. Play your part well
disappearance is going to cause
no one must suspect that yo
more than the rest. Now, on
more: Can you find me a bite o
thing without rousing the hous
half starved."

Phillip nodded and left the r
return presently with a platter c
wiches and a bottle of claret. '
ally have a lunch set out for m

explained. "Help yourself, old man. I hope it will be enough."

The man whom most of the city thought dead ate ravenously. He was frankly hungry and he made no attempt to conceal the fact. His recent illness, whatever had been its cause, seemed to have burned itself out completely; barring a slight weakness and a feeling of lassitude, which was rapidly wearing off, he felt wonderfully fit, surprisingly fit, all things considered.

CHAPTER IV.
THE RETURN.

SIX months slipped by, and the "Mortimer Disappearance," as the newspapers called it, had faded into near-oblivion. Strive as they would, the police had been unable to discover a single satisfactory clew; even the private detective from New York—an expert of international reputation—whom Mrs. Mortimer had insisted upon calling into the case, had tacitly admitted that he was beaten. Except for the fact that the body and the will—which Mortimer was known to have had drawn up some months before his last illness—had vanished, there was not a single real fact for anybody to begin with; and the case was finally pigeonholed in the archives of police headquarters as an unexplained riddle.

Occupied with some new sensation, the general public had long since almost forgotten the affair; only those most vitally interested still bore it in mind; and when, six months after her husband's death, Mrs. Mortimer's name began to be linked with Dr. Alonzo Newman's in the society columns of various newspapers, nobody gave the matter much thought. A few persons, perhaps, looked at each other knowingly and observed that it seemed just a little soon for the widow to contemplate a second trip to the altar, but in this day of sudden divorces and suddener marriages, such an affair could cause but little comment. One person alone, barring James Mortimer himself, gave the newspapers the benefit of a second reading.

This was Phillip Mortimer. As he came upon the lines in his morning paper, the millionaire's brother smiled inscrutably to himself for an instant; then his eyes clouded.

"They're riding to a fall," he soliloquized, between puffs at his after breakfast cigar. "Only God and my brother can say how hard a fall. But I can guess. I know that brother of mine. His time is almost up now—he'll come back soon—and when he does— Well, I'm glad I'm not in Mona's or Newman's shoes; that's all."

Late one afternoon about a month later a stranger arrived at the city's leading hotel. He was a tall man, this stranger, blond, fleshy, with a small, pointed beard and pale blue eyes that were partially hidden behind thick-lensed glasses. He walked with a slight, a very slight, limp in his left leg; and he was richly dressed, almost sportily, in clothing of the latest cut. Everything about him, from the large yellow-white diamond on the third finger of his left hand to the ruby in his expensive tie, fairly breathed of prosperity, and when he spoke his voice was full-toned and cheerful, the voice of a man who has always enjoyed the good things of life. "Jerrold Thorpe, New York City," was the name he wrote in a large, free hand across the hotel register, after which he engaged, and had his three trunks sent up to, the most expensive suite in the house.

These details attended to, Mr. Jerrold Thorpe dined bountifully in the hotel grill, smoked a fat cigar in the lobby, and strolled outside in the manner of one in no particular hurry to transact whatever business he may have on his mind. In fact, judging from exterior indications, Mr. Thorpe was weighed down with few cares of any sort. He smiled expansively as he walked along the street, enjoying the mild air of the early autumn evening; even his stride itself was slow and dignified as became one of his opulent appearance. For an hour he wandered about, then—the time was about 8:30—he signaled a taxicab and gave the driver an address in the residential district.

Twenty minutes later he was entering Phillip Mortimer's front doorway under the guidance of that gentleman's elderly man-servant, who conducted him directly to his master's study. Safe behind the closed door of that sound-proof . Mr. Thorpe grinned at his best, winked deliberately.

ell, here I am again, Phil," he 've finally got back, you see."

really you, then, Jim." Phillip inds with his brother. "I'll take your word for it, I sup- Heaven knows, I should never gnized you. You look like an- How did you do it?"

ut myself in the hands of r awhile, that's all, Phil," plained, as he sat down. possible these days, you an afford to pay the price, cted. I found what I want- k. I need no longer fear guess: I'm heavier, taller, complexion, and much ing than I was; even my voice is changed—a rather delicate operation did that—and to top it all I have acquired a limp. It's really a masterpiece, that limp, Phil." He chuckled. "It's strange, too," he went on. "I not only look different; I actually feel different. I'm a dozen years younger. Never felt better in my life. I could get out and make another fortune, if"—his face darkened suddenly—"if there was any need of it, and it were not for—for other things."

"Other things? You're still determined to carry out your original plan, then, Jim?"

"Yes. Never more so." James Mortimer's voice was grim and his eyes had suddenly grown hard as glass. "I don't forget, or forgive, easily, Phil. For nearly seven months now I've been laying my plans, and the time is ripe; dead ripe. I shall do nothing hurriedly, of course; I never do. Everything must be ready for the blow before it falls, but fall it shall, just as surely as the sun must rise tomorrow morning."

He eyed his brother in somber silence for a moment; then he continued:

"You've followed my directions, Phil? You've sold that block of bonds I wrote you about?"

"Yes."

"Good. We'd betteer transfer the cash to my New York account—the Jerrold Thorpe account—tomorrow. I'll need it soon. Have you found the house?"

"I think so. It's the old Stacy place. You'll remember it, I think. Been closed since the family moved away two years ago. It's for sale; the owner has left the country, I understand. Stiff price—one hundred and twenty thousand; but it's the best I can do."

"That's all right; I know the place. I'll buy it. Ten thousand, or a million; it's all the same. It's results I want. Phil—nothing else matters now. I've a heavy debt to pay; this house is only another necessary detail. Some fine day Newman'll come begging to me, and when he does . . ."

James did not finish his sentence, he didn't need to. The expression in his eyes was enough, more than enough, to convince his brother that any plea for mercy upon Newman's part would be entirely futile. If ever in this world black, devilish hatred looked out of a man's face, it looked out of Jim Mortimer's at that moment.

"Well, that's settled, then," the older man went on, after a moment. "We'll take the house. You can introduce me to the agent in the morning. As soon as the deal is closed we'll have a private telephone line laid direct from it to your study; it will simplify matters. Now for the rest of it. There's talk of marriage, I understand. Is it true?" He smiled grimly.

"I don't know—it's hard for me to tell, Jim. I've kept on fairly friendly terms with Mona, of course, but, naturally, she doesn't make me her confidant. At first, upon my soul, I believe she thought I had stolen your will; but that has passed. She's still living in the old house, you know, pending the final settlement of your estate. I get a rumor now and then. From what I've heard, I should say that she is not exactly happy. In fact, this marriage talk is a bit premature, in my opinion. Merely newspaper stuff, I think. To give her credit, I doubt if Mona'd have the man now. He's drinking, I understand."

"Drinking, is he. Splendid!" James rubbed his hands together and gave vent to another of his mirthless chuckles—a sound that made Phillip's flesh crawl. "That'll help to hasten matters, Phil. Wine, women and cards, you know? He's a poor, weak fish at best—the dog! I'll have him on his knees before the year is out."

"You still mean to ruin him, th ."

"Of course. It's the only sauce I find in life these days—the single livening gleam in this little private hell of mine. Some day Ill get him in my net, and when I do . . . Well, until then

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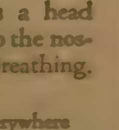

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I can wait for that day of reckoning."

"You're sure, Jim; sure that you're not making a mistake? Sure that you're not ruining your own life trying to get Newman?" Phillip burst out, leaning forward earnestly. "God knows," he went on, "there's no sympathy in me for Newman—I'm not pleading for him, Jim—but—but think of yourself, man. Think of Mona! Sometimes, I— D—n it all, Jim, the thing's not right! You know it isn't right?"

"Right!" James snorted, and glared at his brother in an ugly fashion. "What in h—l do you know about the right of it, Phil? What does any man know who hasn't been down to the very bottom of the Black Hole, as I have? I—I loved that woman, Phil. By God, I worshiped her! She was the finest thing I knew of; and now—now . . ." He closed his mouth abruptly, gulped horribly for a second, and pulled himself together with a jerk. "I've said enough," he added, in a quieter tone. "Let's talk of something else."

For half an hour longer over a companionable cigar, and a whisky and soda, the two men discussed matters. At last James rose to his feet and turned toward the door.

"Well, I must be going now, Phil," he said. "Cab's waiting for me. Drop in tomorrow at the hotel and we'll look the house over. We mustn't seem too friendly, you know. Not much danger now, of course, but it's just as well to let folks think we're mere business acquaintances. Somebody might smell a rat, altho I doubt if the real truth would ever occur to any one. It's hardly ever even been hinted that I might be alive."

CHAPTER V.

THE SNARE.

A FEW days later, the Stacy residence, a find old mansion on one of the city's most exclusive streets, was sold to Mr. Jerrold Thorpe of New York, and the new owner took immediate possession. Within a week he had received several large shipments of furniture and other personal belongings, servants were installed, and the old house began to show signs of unwonted activity.

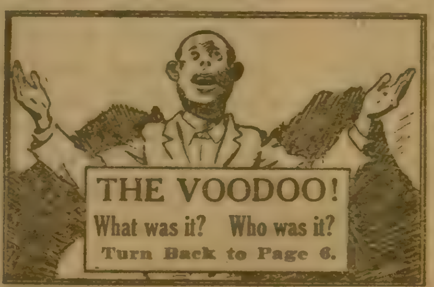
Later still, certain gentlemen among the city's upper crust who had a sporting turn of mind, began to wink at each other knowingly when they met at their clubs and to let fall remarks which hinted at strange goings on at "Thorpe's." The play was high, they said, higher than any of them had ever seen it anywhere outside certain well-known resorts in New York, and Jerrold Thorpe was a perfect prince of gamblers. Apparently possessed of unlimited capital, he never mentioned a limit of any kind when some young blood, under the influence of wine and excitement, ventured to wager in amounts larger than good sense dictated. He merely covered the bet, regardless of its size, and if he lost—as he frequently did—paid up with a cheerful laugh.

In the natural course of events, it was not long before Dr. Newman became aware of what was going on. A physician of high standing in professional circles, he had found it easy to become a member of several of the city's most exclusive clubs, and he had many friends in the business and social world. Having heard, it was also natural that he should soon visit the new gambling palace, for, unknown to many of his patients, the doctor had several vices, the chief of which was gambling. It was this gambling instinct, perhaps, which had first urged him to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Mortimer; being the wife of a multi-millionaire and the acknowledged belle of the younger set, made her an irresistible lure to a man of the physician's character; and now, strange to say, it was thoughts of Mrs. Mortimer which helped to start him on the downward path.

For Dr. Newman was no longer the carefree, prosperous physician who had begun by coveting another man's possessions. Far from it. Not that he was conscience stricken—certainly not! Conscience was something that the worthy doctor never permitted himself the luxury of thinking about; the fact that he had, or thought that he had, committed a murder in order to gain his desire had not caused him a single moment of regret. At least, it could not have caused regret had it achieved its purpose; but when he found that the thing for which he had plotted and schemed for so long was still beyond his reach. Dr. Newman's patience had snapped its leash.

At first, startled—almost dumfounded—by the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of both James Mortimer and his will, the physician had been willing to let things take their natural course. Later, buoyed up by the conviction that his victim's body would eventually be found, or—to him much more important—that the will would turn up somewhere, he had curbed his uneasiness and assumed, outwardly at least, an appearance of sympathetic interest in Mrs. Mortimer's affairs that was very becoming. But when months passed without a single clew being discovered, when he began to realize that he might never receive any pecuniary reward for his crimes, his feeling for the "widow" cooled somewhat.

Noting this change, tho by no means guessing its true cause, Mrs. Mortimer also became more reserved and distant in her manner. Womanlike, she was waiting for the man to make the first advances; secure in the power of her beauty, and rather glad of the delay for convention's sake. In fact, in her more candid moments, she was not at all sure she wished to marry again, anyhow. In her heart she was still faithful to her husband, and had it not been for the fact that the disappearance of the will made her financial future anything but bright, she might have abandoned all thoughts of matrimony for several years, at least. As it was, she was content to bide her time; meanwhile hoping against hope that the will might yet turn up.



THE VOODOO!
What was it? Who was it?
Turn Back to Page 6.

Notwithstanding all this, Dr. Newman continued to visit the Mortimer home at frequent intervals, and he was never turned away. Both victims of adversity, the two people felt that they were bound together by various ties; tiny links of kindred emotions which were too strong to be easily severed. Just the same, the situation was at times a little galling to both; quarrels, engendered by raw nerves on both sides, became more and more common, tho outwardly—witnesses the newspaper rumors of their enegagement—they were still warm friends. Under the circumstances, it was not unnatural that Mrs. Mortimer should cast aside her widow's weeds, and, ignoring gossip, seek relief in a veritable whirl of social activities, or that Dr. Newman, on his side, should take refuge in his clubs and roulette.

THE opening of Jerrold Thorpe's palatial establishment came almost as a godsend to the physician. Night after night, regardless of the fact that both his medical practice and his financial resources were rapidly dwindling, Dr. Newman fought against the thing that men call Fate. In the grip of his great besetting weakness, with roulette or faro—usually the former—as the medium, and spurred on by the worn-out fetish of the born gambler that luck will always turn, he lost sums each night which fairly staggered men of far ampler means. Within a month after the place opened, he was a constant visitor at Thorpe's; he played feverishly and without system, staking his all in one last effort to win back enough to re-establish himself, for already he was in the toils. His home, his personal effects, all that he owned, was mortgaged to the limit; bills met him on every side; old friends turned away their eyes when he passed them on the street; former patients, who had formerly sworn by him, now called in a rival practitioner.

When it grips a man for keeps the gambling lust is a fearful thing. Occasionally, in the depths of his fever-sodden brain, a voice whispered to Newman that he was ruining himself beyond recall, and he would struggle desperately to break the shackles that held him. Then, the long, caressing fingers of the tempter would be laid upon him and he would fall once more. Always, dangling just out of reach before his eyes, like water before the eyes of some thirst-tortured traveler in the desert, was a glittering vision of the wealth that would be his when his luck turned, and like a powerful magnet this vision drew him onward.

Came at last the time when the physician began to sense that he was becoming unwelcome even at Thorpe's; for days the various attendants had been eying him curiously, and one night a faro dealer hesitated over an

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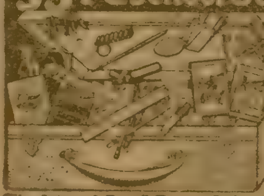

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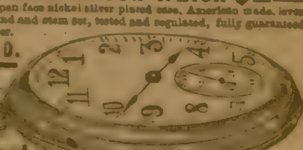

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I. O. U. Such a condition cannot be prolonged forever, and the day came—the hour was about 2 o'clock in the morning—when Newman pushed back his chair and staggered to his feet for the last time. Since early the previous evening he had been playing roulette, and in those hours he had lost a sum twice as large as any he had ever made in a year's work. And it was the last sum of money that he could ever lose. He was cleaned out—bankrupt—and he knew it. Even his paper, that last resort of the well-to-do sporting man, was worthless; had been worthless for weeks, in fact. He was done!

Steadying himself against a corner of the long table, he glanced around the room. Only a few patrons were present just then, he noticed, all of them so intent upon their own affairs as to be practically obvious of his existence. For a minute or two he stood looking around him idly; then, tottering slightly as he walked—tho he was not drunk—he headed for the coatroom. In his preoccupation he failed to see Jerrold Thorpe watching him from behind the curtain of a little alcove—failed to note the exultant grin on the gambler's face. His first knowledge of being observed by any one came in the form of a touch upon the arm just as he was entering the coatroom. Turning, he found Thorpe standing at his side.

When a man is down and out, socially—and hopelessly bankrupt as well—'tis then that all the pent-up evils of his soul are apt to conspire for ways and means—no matter how desperate or foul—to recover his lost footing. Knowing the character of the scheming doctor, as we already do, he cannot be expected to leave anything undone to cheat his watchful Nemesis of his anticipated revenge.

* * *

JIMMIE GOGGLES THE GOD

(Continued From Page 4.)

without the helmet on—for they might have been spying and hiding since over night—they would very likely take a different view from the others. I was in a deuce of a stew about that for hours, as it seemed, until the shindy of the arrival began.

"But they took it down—the whole blessed village took it down. At the cost of sitting up stiff and stern, as much like sitting Egyptian images one sees as I could manage, for pretty nearly twelve hours, I should guess at least, on end, I got over it. You'd hardly think what it meant in that heat and stink. I don't think any of them dreamed of a man inside. I was just a wonderful leathery great joss that had come up with luck out of the water. But the fatigue! the heat! the beastly closeness! the mackintosheriness and the rum and the fuss!

"They lit a stinking fire on a kind of lava slab there was before me, and brought in a lot of gory muck—the worst parts of what they were feasting on outside, the beasts—and burnt it all in my honor. I was getting a bit hungry, but I understand now how gods manage to to do without eating, what with the smell of burnt offerings about them. And they brought in a lot of the stuff they'd got off the brig and, among other stuff, what I was a bit relieved to see, the kind of pneumatic pump that was used for the compressed air affair, and then a lot of chaps and girls came in and danced about me something disgraceful.

"It's extraordinary the different ways different people have of showing respect. If I'd had a hatchet handy I'd have gone for the lot of them—they made me feel that wild. All this time I sat as stiff as company, not knowing anything better to do. And at last, when nightfall came, and the wattle joss-house place got a bit too shadowy for their taste—all these here savages are afraid of the dark, you know—and I started a sort of 'moo' noise, they built big bonfires outside and left me alone in peace in the darkness of my hut, free to unscrew my windows a bit and think things over, and feel just as bad as I liked. And, Lord! I was sick.

"I was weak and hungry, and my mind kept on behaving like a beetle on a pin, tremendous activity and nothing done at the end of it. Come 'round just where it was before. There was sorrowing for the other chaps, beastly drunkards certainly, but not deserving such a fate, and young Sanders with the spear thru his neck wouldn't go out of my mind. There was the treasure down there in the Ocean Pioneer, and how one might get it and hide it somewhere safer, and get away and come back for it. And there was the puzzle where to get anything to eat. I tell you I was fair rambling. I was afraid to ask by signs for food, for fear of behaving too human, and so there I sat and hungered until very near the dawn. Then the village got a bit quiet, and I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went out and got some stuff like artichokes in a bowl and some sour milk. What was left of these I put away among the other offerings, just to give them a hint of my tastes. And in the morning they came to worship, and found me sitting up stiff and respectable on their previous god, just as they'd left me overnight. I'd got my back against the central pillar of the hut, and, practically, I was asleep. And that's how I became a god among the heathen—a false god no doubt, and blasphemous, but one can't always pick and choose.

"NOW, I don't want to crack myself up as a god beyond my merits, but I must confess that while I was god to these people they was extraordinary successful. I don't says there's anything in it, mind you. They won a battle with another tribe—I got a lot of offerings I didn't want thru it—they had wonderful fishing, and their crop' of pourra was exceptional fine. And they counted the capture of the brig among the benefits I brought 'em. I must say I don't think that was a poor record for a perfectly new hand. And, tho perhaps you'd scarcely credit it, I was the tribal god of those beastly savages for pretty nearly four months. . . .

"What else could I do, man? But I didn't wear that diving-dress all the time. I made 'em rig me up a sort of holy of holies, and a deuce of a time I had, too, making them understand what it was I wanted them to do. That indeed was the great difficulty—making them understand my wishes. I couldn't let myself down by talking their lingo badly—even if I'd been able to speak at all—and I couldn't go flapping a lot of gestures at them. So I drew pictures in sand and sat down beside them and hooted like 1 o'clock. Sometimes they did the things I wanted all right, and

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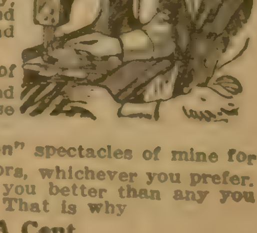

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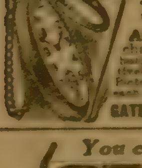

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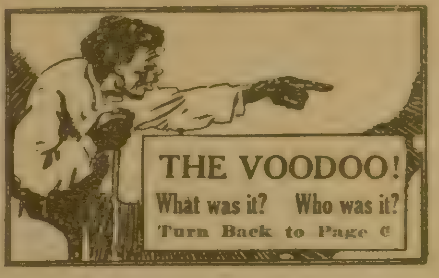
sometimes they did them all wrong. They was always very willing, certainly. All the while I was puzzling how I was to get the confounded business settled.

"Every night before the dawn I used to march out in full rig and go off to a place where I could see the channel in which the Ocean Pioneer lay sunk, and once even, one moonlight night, I tried to walk out to her, but the weeds and rocks and dark clean beat me. I didn't get back till full day, and then I found all those silly niggers out on the beach praying their sea-god to return to them. I was that vexed and tired, messing and tumbling about, and coming up and going down again, I could have punched their silly heads all round when they started rejoicing. I'm hanged if I like so much ceremony.



THE VOODOO!
What was it? Who was it?
Turn Back to Page 6

"And then came the missionary. That missionary! It was in the afternoon, and I was sitting in state in my outer temple place, sitting on that old black stone of theirs when he came. I heard a row outside and jabbering, and then his voice speaking to an interpreter. 'They worship stocks and stones,' he said, and I knew what was up, in a flash. I had one of my windows out for comfort, and I sang out straight away on the spur of the moment. 'Stocks and stones!' I says. 'You come inside,' I says, 'and I'll punch your blooming head.' There was a kind of silence and more jabbering, and in he came, Bible in hand, after the manner of them—a little sandy chap in specks and a pith helmet. I flatter myself that me sitting there in the shadows, with my copper head and my big goggles, struck him a bit of a heap at first. 'Well,' I says, 'how's the trade in calico?' for I don't hold with missionaries.

"I had a lark with that missionary. He was a raw hand, and quite outclassed with a man like me. He gasped out who was I, and I told him to read the inscription at my feet if he wanted to know. Down he goes to read, and his interpreter, being of course, as superstitious as any of them, took it as an act of worship and plumped down like a shot. All my people gave a howl of triumph, and there wasn't any more business to be done in my village after that journey, not by the likes of him.

"But, of course, I was a fool to choke him off like that. If I'd had any sense I should have told him straight away of the treasure and taken him into Co. I've no doubt he'd have come into Co. A child, with a few hours to think it over, could have seen the connection between my diving-dress and the loss of the Ocean Pioneer. A week after he left I went out one morning and saw the Motherhood, the salver's ship from Starr Race, towing up the channel and sounding. The whole blessed game was up, and all my trouble thrown away. Gummy! How wild I felt! And guying it in that stinking silly dress! Four months!"

THE sunburnt man's story degenerated again. "Think of it," he said, when he emerged to linguistic purity once more. "Forty thousand pounds worth of gold."

"Did the little missionary come back?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Bless him! And he pledged his reputation there was a man inside the god, and started out to see as much with tremendous ceremony. But there wasn't—he got sold again. I always did hate scenes and explanations, and long before he came I was out of it all—going home to Banya along the coast, hiding in bushes by day, and thieving food from the villages by night. Only weapon, a spear. No clothes, no money. Nothing. My face was my fortune, as the saying is. And just a squeak of eight thousand pounds of gold—fifth share. But the natives cut up Rusty, thank goodness, because they thought it was him had driven their luck away."

* * *

Loves Means Little in Japan.

THE Orient and the Occident are nowhere farther apart than in their views and customs as to the mating of men and women. In Japan marriages for love rarely occur, tho it is said that the tendency of young people to marry to suit themselves is growing. Young Japanese girls often look with envy upon women of other nations where marriage for love is the general rule. Probably they suppose such matches are invariably happy; that the love is always real love and that it endures forever. No doubt the Occidental system, viewed from afar, looks as rosy to a Japanese girl as their system looks appalling to an American girl.

Marriages in Japan are generally brought about by older married couples, who act as go-betweens. There is a popular saying that every one should act as a go-between at least three times. The go-between, knowing a young man and woman whom he regards as suitable to each other, proposes the match confidentially to the parents of both. If preliminary reports are mutually satisfactory to the two families, a meeting of the young couple and their parents and relatives is arranged on neutral ground.

Any intimation of the real purpose of this meeting is tactfully avoided at the time, tho the purpose of it is, of course, fully understood by all concerned. Under this arrangement either family may, without giving offense, drop the matter after the first meeting, but if the results of the preliminary inspection are satisfactory to both sides, the parents meet again and definitely arrange the match, which is made binding by an exchange of presents.

* * *

Not So Wonderful.

AT A PARTY in a rural home some of the country swains were jealous of a city chap who seemed to be able to entertain the ladies with small talk and witty sayings.

One of the older guests said to one of the disgruntled youths:

"That city feller is pretty smart, ain't he?"

"Thinks he is."

"Says some funny things, don't he?"

With a grunt of contempt the rural swain exclaimed:

"Huh. I could say smart things, too—if I could on'y think of 'em."

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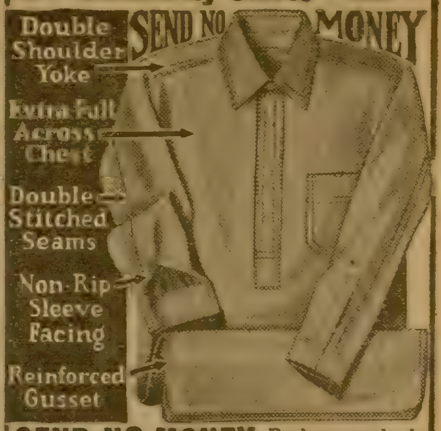

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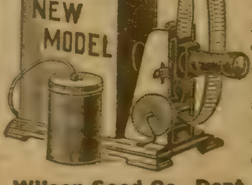

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One of the largest business organizations in the United States is giving away brand new 1921 model touring cars absolutely free to persons who act quick. They are going to give away another soon and you can be the proud and happy owner of it.

Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning these autos, etc. They win because they are prompt. As soon as they see the ad and puzzle they solve it.

We are well known in every town, village and hamlet in the U. S. and cannot afford to make this offer to you unless we meant every word we say.

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This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In the scenery are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Show you are alert and find at least four of the faces. Mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and enclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., for a beautiful free surprise present which we will send you for solving the puzzle. You will delight in owning this present.

Auto Given FREE

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry for 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are giving away free.

Every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind this promise.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, you can also win, in addition to the auto, splendid prizes such as cameras, watches, bicycles, jewelry and things you like, without contest. We will also send you a copy of two national publications

You Can't Lose Remember, every dollar of our one million dollar capital i say. Write your name and address plainly and enclose four cents in stamps for packing the free surprise present.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. 12, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. D

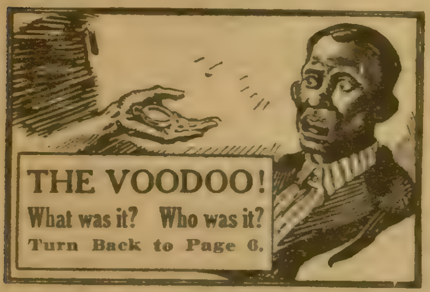
An Affair of the Desert

(Continued From Page 6)

bag," said Stingaree. "I am much obliged. And now I'll trouble you for that nice wideawake. You really don't need it in the shade. Thank you so much!"

He received both bag and hat on the barrel of the Government revolver, hooking the one to its proper saddle-strap, and clapping on the other at an angle inimitably imitative of the outwitted officer.

"I won't carry the rehearsal any further to your face," continued Stingaree; "but I can at least promise you a more flattering portrait than the last; and this excellent coat, which you have so considerately left strapped to your saddle, should contribute greatly to the verisimilitude. Dare I hope that you begin to appreciate some of the points of my performance so far as it has gone? The pretext on which I bared my foot for its delicate job under your very eyes, eh? Not so vain as it looked, in either sense, I fancy! Should you have said that your hand would recoil from a revolver the moment it went off? You see, I staked my life on it, and I've won. And what about that fall? It was the lottery! I was prepared to have my head cracked like an egg, and it's still pretty sore. The broken wrist wasn't your fault; it had passed into the accepted situation before you turned up. And you would certainly have seen that I was shamming sleep if we hadn't both been so genuinely sleepy at the time. I give you my word, I very nearly threw up the whole thing for forty winks! Any other point on which you could wish enlightenment? Then let me thank you with all my heart for one of the worst days, and some of the greatest moments, in my whole career."


THE VOODOO!
What was it? Who was it?
Turn Back to Page 6.

But the crooked man answered never a word, as he sat in a ball with uplifted palms, and glaring, upturned, unconquerable eyes.

"Good-by, Mr. Superintendent Cairns," said Stingaree. "I'm afraid I've been rather cruel to you—but you were never very nice to me!"

SERGEANT CAMERON was driving the spring-cart, toward sundown, after a variety of unforeseen delays. Of a sudden out of the pink haze came a galloping figure, slightly humped, in the inspector's coat and wideawake, with a bare foot thru one stirrup and only a sock on its fellow.

"Where's Stingaree?" screamed the sergeant, pulling up. And the galloper drew rein at the driven horse's head.

"Deal!" said he, thickly. "He was worse than we thought. You fetch him while I——"

By this time the sergeant knew that voice too well, and his right hand had flown to the back of his belt. Stingaree's shot was only first by a fraction of a second, but it put a bullet thru the brain of the horse between the shafts, so that horse and shafts came down together, and the sergeant fired into the earth as he fell across the splashboard.

Stingaree pressed soft heels into the thorobred's ribs and thundered on and on. Soon there was a gate to open, and when he listened at that gate all was still behind him and before; but far ahead the rolling plain was faintly luminous in the dusk, and as this deepened into night a cluster of terrestrial lights sprang out with the stars. Stingaree knew the handful of gaunt, unsheltered huts the lights stood for. They were an inn, a store, and police barracks: Clear Corner on the map. The bushranger galloped straight up to the barracks, but skirted the knot of men in the light before the veranda, and went jingling round into the yard. The young constable in charge ran thru the building and met him dismounted at the back.

"What's the matter, sir?"

"He's gone!"

"Stingaree?"

"He was worse than we thought. Your man all right?"

"No trouble whatever, sir. Only sick and sorry and saying his prayers in a way you'd never credit. Come and hear him."

"I must come and see him at once. Got a fresh horse in?"

"I have so! In and saddled in the stall. I thought you might want one, sir, and ran up Barmaid, Stingaree's own mare, that was sent out here from the station when we had the news."

"That was very thoughtful of you. You'll get on, young man. Now lead the way with that lamp."

This time Stingaree had spoken in gasps, like a man who had ridden very far, and the young constable, unlike his sergeant, did not know his voice of old. Yet it struck him at the last moment as more unlike the voice of Superintendent Cairns than the hardest riding should have made it, and with the key in the door of the cell the young fellow wheeled round and held the lamp on high. That instant he was felled to the floor, the lamp went down and out with a separate yet simultaneous crash, and Stingaree turned the key.

"Howie! Not a word—out you come!"

The burly ruffian crept forth with outstretched hands apart.

"What! Not even handcuffed?"

"No; turned over a new leaf the moment we left you, and been praying like a parson for 'em all to hear!"

'This chap can do the same when he comes to himself. Lies pretty still, doesn't he? In with him!"

The door clanged. The key was turned. Stingaree popped it in his pocket.

"The later they let him out the better. Here's the best mount you ever had. And my sweetheart's waiting for me in the stable!"

Outside, in front, before the barracks veranda, an inquisitive little group heard first the clang of the door within, and presently the clatter of hoofs coming round from the yard. Stingaree and Howie—a white flash and a bay streak—swept past them as they stood confounded. And the dwindling pair still bobbed in sight, under a full complement of stars, when a fresh outcry from the cell, and a mighty hammering against its locked door, broke the truth to one and all.

* * *

The Grocery Boy.

THE grocer's delivery boy lingered by the kitchen door, altho his bundles had been deposited on the table and there was no apparent reason for prolonging his stay. The full-chested, rosy-cheeked young woman at the stove appeared unconscious of his presence.

"Say, Susan, won't you gimme one of them cakes you're poaching?" requested the youth.

"You got a bad case of the gimmies," said the rosy-cheeked young woman at the stove. "I am not poaching these little cakes. I am frying them. These are doughnuts."

"You should worry," said the grocery boy. "I bet you was a country school teacher before you came to see the bright lights, girlie. Say, Mary Ann, don't be so tight with them sinkers. The firm here's rich. I guess they won't mind your loosening up a bit."

"Take that one in the corner of the pan," said the young woman. "It's burned around the edges, but it won't hurt you, I guess."

"Honest, now, weren't you a school-ma'am up there in Wisconsin 'fore you came down here?" asked the grocery boy.

"They teach good manners in those country schools," said the young woman. "I can see you have never been there."

A faint flush spread over the young man's rugged face. "My gosh, didn't I say thank you? Well, please gimme another and I won't forget my manners again. You sure are the doughnut queen. I could live on them."

"Not at the present price of eggs and butter, you couldn't, Willie," answered the girl, as she deftly removed a few dozen cakes from the kettle and carefully placed them on a huge platter.

"Well, ain't you going to gimme another? I got to go out and work in the cold."

"Don't let me keep you, Petie."

"Say. Beatrice, I was just noticing how red your cheeks are. Just like them Wisconsin apples we got in the store. You girls from the country ain't got no use for paint, have you?"

"What you mean, paint? I like to paint scenery. Haven't you got a lot to do outdoors today? Don't let me keep you, James."

"That's all right, Gladys. I ain't wasting time when I'm with you. Ain't you going to gimme another one of them doughnuts?"

"You're a charter member of the Gimme Club, Oswald," said the pretty young woman. "I think two of those cakes are sufficient for you. They are very rich."

"Say, I love to hear you talk. I never had a girl before like you. You're sure some swell——"

"Watch your step, Freddie. You haven't got me, you freckle-faced——"

"Hard words never buttered no bread." said the grocery boy. "But I love your doughnuts just the same." He dived for the doughnut pan, but the rosy-cheeked girl beat him to it.

"Close the storm door as you go out," she said.

"Hully gee!" said the grocery boy.

As for the young woman, she kept on frying doughnuts and her face was just as rosy as ever and perhaps a little more so.

* * *

Cleared Himself.

A COUNTRY lad was writing a letter to a city friend. Having no other envelope than a very dirty one that he had carried in his pocket for quite a while, he used it, but annexed at the end of his letter:

"P. S.—Please excuse the envelope. It was clean when it left my hands."

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

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Just send your name and address, size and color, and I will send this sweater and pair of trousers to you. You don't pay one penny until they are delivered at your door by the postman. Trousers alone are worth more than $2.98, so you are getting the sweater absolutely FREE. Send your order now.

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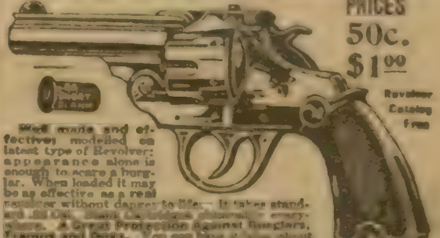

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$1.00 After Free Trial If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument after the free trial, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance for complete outfit in small monthly payments of $5.00 for 9 months, $2.20 for the 10th month, plus 6% interest amounting to $1.50—total $49.70. *Send no money.* Just fill out coupon below and mail to us at once.

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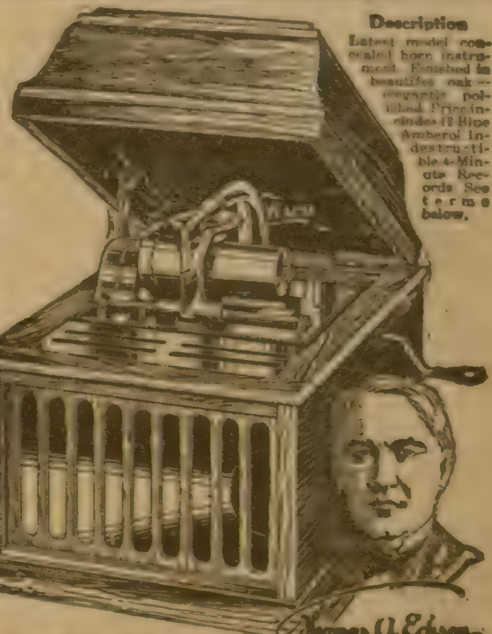
Of course, we do *not* want to ship an outfit to a person who cannot afford to at least pay on easy payments (and when you get a trial it must be understood that you can *afford* to keep it). *Yet no one is under any obligations* to keep an outfit if it is not entirely satisfactory. If it is not just what you want for your home, return it *at our expense; you*, not we must judge what the Edison phonograph means to you, and we accept your decision cheerfully and without question. But send the coupon today, *NOW*. Determine now you will bring this joy and cheerfulness to your home.

No obligation to buy in sending this coupon; this is just an application for trial.



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Latest model concealed horn instrument. Finished in beautiful oak — elegantly polished. Price includes 12 Blue Amberol Indestructible 4-Minute Records. See terms below.

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(Write or print your name and address very plainly.)

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Ship by....................Express. Shipping Point....................Occupation....................

Age..........Married or single.......... If steadily employed at a salary please state....................

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity....................If there is any possibility of changing your address during the next year, what will be your next address....................

Please give the names of two references.

Address Business or Occupation

Name..

....

The Battle of the Giants

(Continued From Page 11)

little rat—'tis the courage, the infant has, one must admit. But 'tis fightin' I'm speakin' of, me innocent babe, an' not blarney. Go home an' grow up, an' maybe I'll let ye play with me."

"I can see you are proud of your beauty, my Irish friend; permit me to advise you to return to your bunkhouse quietly, and I'll not harm that handsome face of yours."

The fight at the other bunkhouses had stopped again, for the show, and with these words from Steel loud evidences of scorn and skepticism rose from the place. Halden smiled grimly—he knew that a surprise was due. O'Hare, who had found an old acquaintance among the strikebreakers said quietly. "He's not talkin' thru his hat, he ain't. 'Tis hurted your man will be, I'm a-tellin' ye!"

"Has he got a gun?"

"He ain't got nuthin' but the hands and body of him—he don't need nothin' but them. Wait till ye see him in action, man!"

Hennessy had approached Steel with a ludicrous, mincing air, and he now reached out daintily with thumb and forefinger to take the little man's coat sleeve. Steel had not taken off his coat.

He never closed thumb and finger. There was a quick snap, almost like the report of a small caliber rifle, and a silhouette of Steel's hand stood printed in white on the big man's cheek. More bewildering than the lightning swiftness of the slap was the uncanny speed with which Steel had changed his position, so that he now stood between Hennessy and the barracks door.

Just as Halden shouted, "Don't charge him!" Hennessy charged, and sailed thru the open door, half of the room, struck the floor, skidded along the boards, and brought up with a crash against the wall.

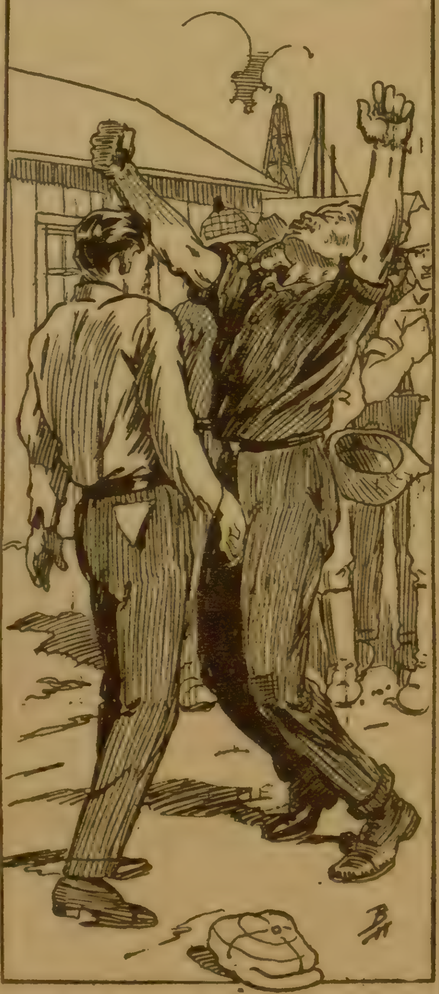
For a moment he lay there, blinking his eyes, and turning his head uncertainly upon his shoulders. Then intelligence came back to his eyes and he looked to the door with something not far from awe upon his face. "Faith, he's very nimble, that lad," he said, and for a little while the middle barracks was quiet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first stroke had fallen in the first barracks. Coincident with Halden's call had come a rush of men to the door. There the stern, quiet faces of Chief Firewater and the old Irish boxer had halted them for a moment. The two parties stood looking at each other for the part of a second, when a little, brass-faced Italian hurled a weasel-skin at O'Hare, and charged after it. Unfortunately for the Southron, the weasel-skin missed, and as he charged, Chief Firewater swung him from his feet, so that being conveniently located, O'Hare coolly and deliberately knocked him out, with the accuracy and negligible compunction of a butcher sticking a hog. Chief Firewater then tossed him back into the barracks, to the exceeding discomfort of the men he struck.

The excellence of Steel's plan now became manifest. The besieged had not the slightest chance at the windows, and at the doorways, the party outside was able to use three men comfortably, while the strikebreakers found that two men hampered each other's action in the narrow space the strikers allowed them.

"Don't let them cross the sill," Steel had said, and this became the slogan that passed up and down the groups of joyous men. It seemed that they had won the battle, before it started, and it continued to seem so thruout the day. Following O'Hare's knockout of the "Wop" there had come a rush of men, whom Chief Firewater and O'Hare disposed of very comfortably indeed. At last, Chief Firewater was struck on the wrist by a blackjack, and was compelled to lay up for repairs, with some badly bruised bones and muscles, and a set of very much maltreated knuckles. He went back to the reserves cursing his luck, and sent up a man to take his place. The third man at the doorway conducted himself very well, and when the reserve man came up, O'Hare and his partner were treating themselves to a cigarette. O'Hare's knuckles were bleeding a little, otherwise he was quite unhurt, and very happy.



The Giant Clutched Air and Fell.

"What's the latest noise?" the new man asked.

"Don't seem to be any noise, does there? I think they've laid down on us. Hasn't been anything doing for two or three minutes."

"Quit! The yellow dogs!"

"Well, now I wouldn't be too severe. It's no fun to have your head caved in, an' they're fighting against odds—thanks to Steel."

"O'Hare, who is this man Steel, anyhow? What's he doing here?"

"I'll tell you all I know about Steel—he's a wonderful fightin' man, and a d—n fine felly. That's the extent of my acquaintance."

Further inquiries were interrupted by the approach of a man from the inside. The newcomer was sullen-faced and grumpy, but not so much because of the occasion as because of his own nature. He came to the door and held up his hand in a sort of informal sign of peace.

"We're peaceable," he announced, "we ain't comin' out no more from this shack, today." In half an hour the men in the first shack were out in front of the building, chatting and playing cards with their enemies. The second shack soon followed suit.

In the third barracks the fight had been as brief and decisive. In fact, aside from sundry raps on the head that a number of the besieged suffered in attempting to dive from the windows, the fighting had all been between the Greek and a little Italian, who was clever with his fists. Knucks slowed his action, so he didn't wear them, but he regretted this when a straight shoulder punch to his fellow-Southron's chin failed to stop him. Poppa's jaw was steel and when he clinched with the small man the fight was over. The Italian nearly blistered his windpipe in his frantic haste to yell "Enough!" and the armistice was concluded.

The strikebreakers settled to wait until Hennessy could come back to lead them; the strikers were contented, for they had as much faith in Steel as their opponents in Hennessy. The latter called his fall a trick of luck—the men who knew Steel said it was luck, but

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Mr. Tom Morris, Room 206, 186 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois, has a valuable recipe for the hair, given him by an old friend, a chemist for many years. Tom says it stops dandruff and itching scalp and makes the hair grow. So many of his friends have wanted to try it, that he has had the recipe printed and will send it free to any person enclosing a 2 cent stamp.—Adv.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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* * *

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—Adv.

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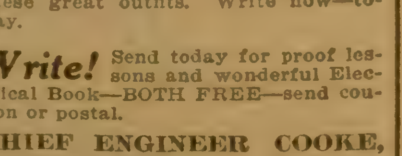

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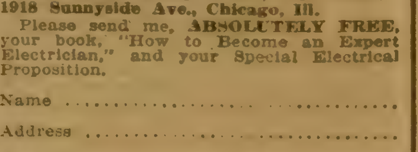

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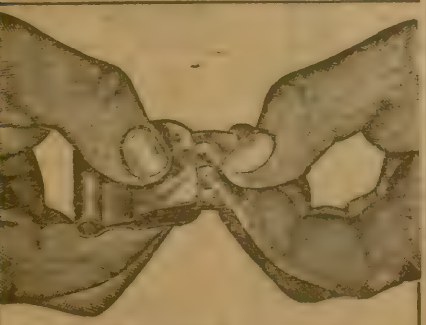

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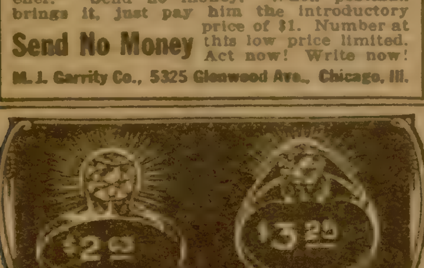

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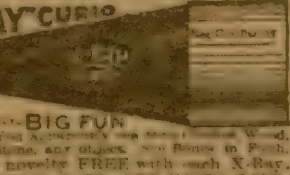

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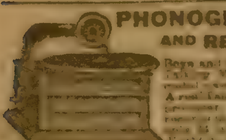

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that Hennessy was the lucky one.

Halden set his jaw and went back to the house. He had been a little undecided about hiring strikebreakers, and he now decided that it had been a mistake. Their only fighter was a fool, and tho Halden prophesied victory for the Irishman, an uncomfortable intuition told him that if he was fortunate enough to whip Dubbel, Steel would have another trick up his sleeve.

There was one last trump for Halden, and that was the Finn that Steel had choked—The Bull. The mine owner was loath to bring him into the fight, but he was certain that no less man could handle the tricky little unknown. To be sure, Steel had had little difficulty with him on the night of the attempted assassination, but then he had taken the giant unawares, from behind. The Bull was bigger than Hennessy and more powerful, and he was for sale. To do him justice, Halden felt some shame when he thought of buying this man, but he was desperate.

MRS. HALDEN seemed relieved when she saw her husband unscathed, and she seemed, too, somewhat surprised. Elsa's eyes glistened with excitement.

"I saw it, Dad—wasn't it great—wasn't he wonderful?"

Halden eyed her querulously. "Wasn't who wonderful?"

"Why—all of them. Was any one hurt badly, Dad?"

"No, I guess not."

"Mr. Steel—did he get hurt?"

Halden snorted. "How the h—l could you hurt a man like that?"

"Dad!"

"I'm sorry I cussed, honey, but it sounded so ridiculous."

"Do you know who he is?"

"He seems to be the Union's traveling man-killer."

Elsa hesitated on a question, and then slowly subsided. Halden grumbled about the cowardice of the hired fighters, but gradually became more cheerful as his supper was safely stored away.

With his after-supper pipe, however, his thoughtfulness returned, and about 9 o'clock he went to his room and returned with hat, coat, and a bulge in his hip pocket. He slipped out of the house very quietly, without being questioned, and did not return until after midnight. He was monosyllabic to his wife, who had waited for him, and did not sleep well, but tossed and muttered in his sleep.

The same night, Steel left as usual, for his nightly rounds and returned at 10. O'Hare was undressing for bed, when Steel came into the room.

"Fun tomorrow, O'Hare."

"What's the noise now, lad?"

"The Reds are coming in. There's something queer, too. The Bull has disappeared—went out early in the evening, with one of Halden's men, they say."

O'Hare looked up quickly. "Do you suppose that Halden's bought in?"

"I hate to think it of him—but there's the fact."

A sudden Celtic exaltation swept O'Hare. "D—n 'm, let 'im! We'll whip 'em both—we'll whip 'em all—bring on the world—t'hell with the lot!"

Steel smiled gently. "Too much territory, Mike. But we'll trim this bunch all right, tho perhaps not the way you think."

CHAPTER IX.

HOSTILITIES recommenced at 10 o'clock the next day. The armistice had been formally arranged to run until 8, but no one attempted to leave the barracks until a few minutes before the later hour, when Hennessy came to the door, struggled a few moments with Dubbel, and was smothered under a dozen reserves who had come upon them.

While Dubbel and a couple of others held him, he was handcuffed, his feet tied, and a quiet place in the shade was found for his disposition. A guard was put over him, and helped him with his cigarettes.

The crowd in the interior stood aghast—they foresaw the same treatment for them all when the strikers saw fit to take them. No attempt was made to do this, the men resting on their honors, and listening with mild amazement and enjoyment to the periodic outbursts of profanity from Hennessy.

Dinner was eaten in comparative quiet, but with the afternoon a certain air of suspense and expectancy began to settle. This was heightened when Halden was seen coming from the house with a man, who by his huge frame and heavy walk could be no other than The Bull.

Steel had taken it for granted that The Bull would commence operations from the inside, and he was surprised, and had been surprised, thruout the morning that no offensive had been started around the titanic Finn. Now he knit his brows, for he had not foreseen the maneuver which was taking place. Steel and the strikers stood tensely alert while the two men walked to the second barracks and entered. Halden himself had donned overalls and covered his knuckles with a pair of light, loose-fitting gloves.

Steel edged warily to the door, and spoke for a moment to Dubbel. Dubbel shook his head dubiously, and Steel set his lips grimly. Strong and hardy as the Austrian was, he knew he was no match for the superbrute who had gone into the building. The men gathered around understood what had taken place as well as tho they had heard the brief colloquy, and they were confirmed in their belief when Steel took off his coat and stretched his arms.

It seemed impossible that this wisp of a man should dream of contending with the blonde Hercules, but they all recognized the intuitive fact, that of them all, he was the only man who might hold the door. In a brief period of quiet the voice of Hennessy could be hear querulously requesting to be moved to where he could see the entertainment.

Steel glanced from the door only once, and caught what he was looking for, a slender white figure, and the flash of glasses against the sun. A sudden exaltation possessed him, and he no longer doubted his own ability to cope with his huge foe. As a sudden grim smile swept his mouth a sigh of wonder and admiration amounting almost to worship rose from the men around him.

"The divil! The little divil!" said O'Hare from the next shack, "may I be domned if he isn't grinnin'!"

Now, too, the final element came in, and the men recognized a crisis. On the top of the ridge, a hundred yards away a silent file of men came up, aligned, and stopped. Some carried rifles, and a few held revolvers. They sat down quietly and waited.

Steel glanced aside, and the smile became a grin, wolflike, wholly animal. Halden had done them dirt! A sudden quick sinking of the heart as he thought of the girl upon the hill—Halden and he were enemies now—not opponents in a battle of the strong. The passion which swept over him made his face pale, and without understanding its cause the men on both sides shuddered, for they saw in the pale, implacable face the determination to death—Steel would kill or be killed, it was no longer a matter of simple victory.

The hot bitterness in his heart had not resurged when he saw the immense man, poising on the balls of his feet, approaching him, catlike, warily. The Finn had been warned. At the same moment a general attack started; the reserves had been warned to watch the Reds when they came, and Steel was left alone with the giant.

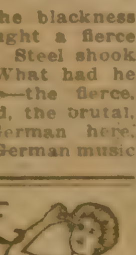
The beginning of the fight was commonplace enough. The Bull struck at Steel, tentatively, almost fearfully, and recovered himself quickly. Not quickly enough, however, to keep Steel from striking twice, quick, slicing jabs that opened up the white and pink skin of the Northerner as tho the fists had been two knives. Blood ran into the corners of the Finn's mouth, and with the salt taste he crouched and his eyes narrowed; a momeent later he flew at Steel like a tiger, but still with a careful guard of his balance.

Steel slid under his arms and struck the deadliest blow in the catalog of a boxer's weapons, a straight thrust from the shoulder, with his body behind it, at the man's solar plexus. His fist touched the Y of the breastbone and receding ribs, and the giant laughed. Steel was whirled half around by the impact, and the clutch of a man of steel fell upon his arm.

Even then he had no misgiving—he knew he must win thru. The Finn was primitive and direct. He pulled Steel toward him and locked his arms about his body. Steel's left hand was broken and useless, and he thought swiftly. He swung his body for play, thinking to slip loose, but the arms around him were like iron. In that moment all of his science fled from him treacherously, and he thought despairingly that at last he had lost. As the grip tightened about him a sudden sense of anger filled him that Elsa did not help. She was so high and calm—surely she could do something! For a moment he saw her placid, pure face, and mistaking his vision for an actuality, cried aloud in his wrath at her indifference.

The Finn was grinning evilly and tightening his grip slowly and deliberately, playing with the small man. There was a sudden crunch of twigs snapping, and Steel knew, purely as a matter of cold reason, that his ribs were breaking under the pressure. There was no pain and he thought calmly that when they had all broken, the monster who held him would crush his heart—was crushing his heart. Everything had long disappeared except the grinning, evil face above him.

A sudden surge swept the blackness from his brain and brought a fierce throb of pain in his chest. Steel shook his head and wondered. What had he heard? Again it came—the fierce, hoarse, defiance of Siegfried, the brutal, shrilling battle-cry of the German hero, perpetuated by the great German music



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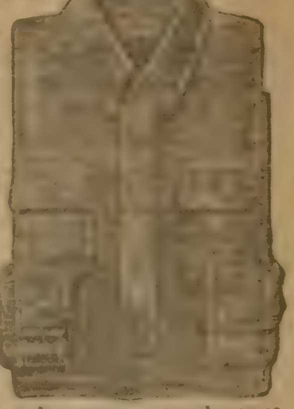

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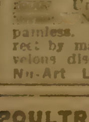

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master. Elsa was crying to him—this was the help! His brain cleared, and the throbbing, torturing pain in his breast only made his movements more certain. One arm hung free and limp, the other one he jerked away with little effort. He did not clinch his fists, but shot his hands up with fierce, murderous certitude. The third finger of each hand struck the Bull's neck, and drove deep.

For a moment the grasp did not loosen and then the giant swayed, clutched the air and fell.

Steel, his face wrenched with agony, swaying where he stood, laughed, and the men drew away and were still for a moment when they heard that laugh.

"Dead! D—n you, dead! Siegfried—he's dead!" His voice suddenly fell and was gentle and quiet. "Clever trick—learned it from Motoji—that is Jap—Samurai, you know, and all that—jiu jitsu——"

The fighting had stopped and the men stared at Steel open-mouthed. Halden came to the door and held up his hand for peace, and Steel suddenly saw him.

"You dirty—you dog! Hire the Wobblies to fight!"

Halden's answer was characteristic of the very big man. "I'm sorry; wish to God I hadn't—I swear I didn't get them——"

"Maybe not—dirty trick—killed me—and I saved you." Steel staggered and shook his fist at the man with sudden rage. "'S all right—but how in hell do you dare to be her father—how in——" He swayed and slumped to the ground.

"The fight's off, boys," Halden said. "I'm sorry—God knows I'm sorry—you win."

The men were silent—victory had been too dear if Steel—— There was a burst of thunder, and a cloud of smoke rose from the ridge.

CHAPTER X.

STEEL came back to consciousness in a room strangely familiar—a pain in his side, which was tightly bandaged. He started suddenly in bed and a throe of incandescent agony shot thru his breast. A sudden wild thought came to him and he smote the bed.

"Dreaming! Oh, God!"

The door opened and Halden and O'Hare came in. "How are you today?"

"Oh, I guess this little stick in my side, won't hurt me," Steel answered Halden.

"Stick in the side!" O'Hare exclaimed. "Man, The Bull broke four of your ribs—but you got him—he's pushing the daisies."

Steel frowned. "It wasn't a dream!" His eyes went suddenly to Halden and his eyes filled with angry fire. "I must go!"

Halden understood, and suddenly came close to the bedside. "Steel, I played you a dirty trick, but I didn't get the whole gang—only The Bull. I'm sorry, man, and I admit it was rotten. I hope you will forgive me." He spoke quietly and with his head bowed. The anger faded from Steel's eyes, and he smiled. When he spoke again, his voice was gentle.

"I misjudged you, Halden, and I'm sorry for that, too." He took the man's outstretched man. As he touched it, he looked beyond Halden to the door. Elsa stood there, her eyes filled with tears. "Anyway, I guess I owe my life to a member of your family."

Halden gripped his hand and smiled, a puzzled smile. "How's that, my boy?"

"Elsa—your daughter—I guess she understood how much music has to do with the things I do—with my temper. She played——"

Elsa came into the room and knelt by the bed. "You heard—you understood!"

"Of course."

Halden and O'Hare looked at each other and grimaced. It was O'Hare who spoke. "Before we leave yez, will ye tell us, Elmer, who you are?"

Steel smiled the smile of a sphinx. "Nobody."

The two men looked crestfallen, and Steel seeing it, hurried to explain. "I'm a wanderer. Normally, I'm a professor of sociology at—well, it doesn't matter—it's a small school. I like to keep up on my branch, so I travel. I learned long ago that next to a man of known prominence, a man whose status is entirely unknown ranks in importance. So I keep my affairs to myself—away from school. Several times I've had that to thank for an affair like this—none ever quite so serious, however. Of course, Steel isn't my right name—it's Petty, which doesn't mean anything, I guess, to anybody. I'm off duty this year, so I polished up on my world again. It makes academic work more vital, when [illegible] can speak from experience."

O'Hare and Halden stared at each other, mouths open.

"But your fightin'——

"At one time I was your typical bookworm—a grind as they are called in the schools. Well, I met a Hindu who told me of a sect called 'Adepts,' who by constant, lifelong practice, learned to move their hands so quickly that the eyes could not follow. I was curious and set myself to long training. I took it at all times, and kept it up for six or seven years. I never was highly trained enough to pass the eye, but I did get some tolerable speed. Then I met Motoji, a Jap noble—Samurai, they call them, and he liked me so well that he broke his oath of nobility and taught me jiu jitsu—which I used when I hit The Bull's carotid. One summer I spent with criminals and toughs. I learned savate—the French defense—glima—the Finn defense, and boxing and wrestling—studied intensively, you understand."

"You just put in with us for fun!"

"Not exactly. I thought you were right, and I knew you were friends of mine. That was reason enough, wasn't it?"

Halden broke in. "What—did you know anything about what happened to the Reds up on the ridge?"

"What did happen?"

"They blew up—we thought they'd fired at first—but it was an explosion——"

"Many killed?"

"About a dozen, I guess—it scared them out, anyway?"

Steel smiled thoughtfully. "Have they left the hall?"

"Yes, they've all gone."

"Then you'd better get down there and take some dynamite out of the fireplace. I figured on blowing it up, too."

"But how?"

"I said I was a crook, one summer. In the underworld I was considered tolerably clever for an amateur, for they all recognized me as that, tho they trusted me. Well, I visited the hall one night, spent the night there, in fact, and destroyed most of their explosives. But I did load the cartridges in ther guns with fulminate, and even put nitroglycerin in the stocks. You know the result."

O'Hare looked at Steel with something like awe. "Man, it's impossible—but I know it's true!"

The two men, Halden and O'Hare looked at each other, after a short silence, and both rose. "We'll have to be leavin', I guess," the Irishman said, and grinned.

They were gone, and Elsa had somehow slipped her hand into his and her cheek lay against his own.

But there is no new love-making under the sun, except for new lovers.

The End.

* * *

The man who is so anxious to pick up the handkerchief his sweetheart drops should not expect her to lift the piano about the room after they are married.

WHY "ANURIC"

Before an Insurance Company will take a risk on your life the examining physician will test the urine and report whether you are a good risk. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or the twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout. The urine is often cloudy, full of sediment; channels often get sore and sleep is disturbed two or three times a night. This is the time you should consult some physician of wide experience—such as Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Send him 10c for large trial package of his new discovery—"An-uric" (anti uric acid). Write him your symptoms and send a sample of urine for test.

ECZEMA

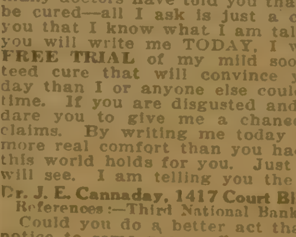
Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, Etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see. I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.
References:—Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.

W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

Wash Away Skin Sores

Are you a sufferer from skin diseases, ulcers, pimples, scales, crusts, or eczema in any form? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when the itch is taken away? Then try D. D. D. Prescription; that soothing wash which gives instant relief the moment it is applied. Twenty-five years of success—thousands of letters from grateful patients recommend this doctors' prescription to you. Read a few of these letters picked at random:

Ten Year Misery Ended.

For ten years I have had a severe case of eczema and about one-third of that time I could not appear in public. I tried everything, but found no permanent relief until my druggist recommended D. D. D.

I beg every eczema sufferer to begin using D. D. D. at once and continue using it and feel sure that they will find permanent relief.

MISS MYRTLE HAHN, Nurse.
1800 8th Ave., Hickory, N. C.

Sore Covered Skin Now Smooth.

After four years' suffering, D. D. D. gave me almost instant relief, and my legs that had been raw sores with eczema were perfectly smooth in four weeks. I used several preparations put up for eczema, but none ever did me any good until I tried D. D. D.

ALBERT SMITH.
Asheville, N. Y.

Sample Bottle Does the Work.

I received your sample bottle of D. D. D. and it has done so much good I sent to the drug store and got one bottle and it cured me of the barbers' itch. I have had different doctors and I have spent $30.00. They all used salves but they didn't do me any good. I can't praise your D. D. D. too much.

R. A. BOLING.
Baldwin, Ga.

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THE Lotion for Skin Disease

A soothing wash composed of well known healing ingredients—thymol, oil of wintergreen, etc.

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Send for Trial Bottle

Send your name and address for a generous trial bottle of D. D. D. Prescription. The first touch from this trial bottle will give you instant relief no matter how long you have suffered. Surely you will not hesitate to try this prescription in which so many have found welcome relief. Send today. Enclose ten cents to cover cover cost of packing and postage.

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. 3532
3845 East Ravenswood Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it **is not a habit but a Disease. If** you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write today for a **Free Package** of our **Harmless Remedy.** When **permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send no money.

Address **ZEMETO CO.,**
Dept. 8 Milwaukee, Wis.

Medicine FREE!

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Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Free To Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
382 J Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

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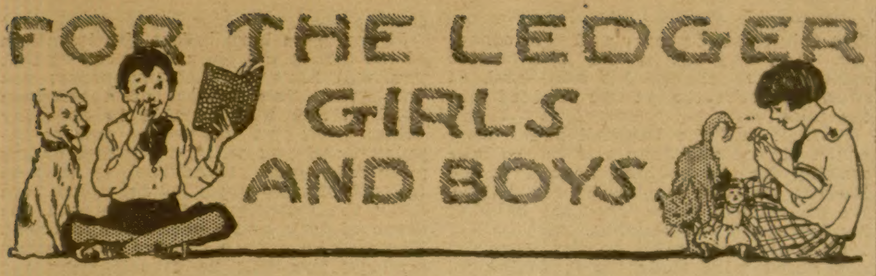


FOR THE LEDGER GIRLS AND BOYS

Contest Day

BEGINNING with the first day at camp, the boys at Camp Hilltop had talked about Contest day. You see, most of them had been to camp before and they knew just what fun to expect. Contest day was a day in the middle of the summer when the boys had all sorts of contests for honors. Not really races, but contests.

The boys who were good at swimming contested for best form in swimming. Those who canoed tried out for canoe form. Those who made a hobby of taking kodak pictures displayed their best pictures. The baseball boys tried out for best throw and catch and the tennis players displayed their best serve.

Usually it happened that some one boy was better than the others in each line of sport and it wasn't hard to guess who would be the winner. But this year, as the games each day were played, it was easy to see that John and Ed were both good baseball players, and that there would be a close race between them for honors at pitching and catching on Contest day.

Both boys were good friends and as they practiced each day there was the friendliest sort of good feeling between them, altho each boy tried his level best to beat the other's record.

The camp was on the edge of an inland lake. The main camp building was a steep-roofed house on the edge of the woods, and the dining-hall and living-rooms and offices, kitchens and store-rooms took the whole building. Back of this main building, set in among the trees, were the shacks where the boys lived in groups of three and five. In front of the main building was the baseball field, and the tennis courts and in front of those the lake. So that boys up by the building could look right over the baseball diamond and the courts onto the lake.

On Contest day there were two sets of judges appointed, one of boys and the other of counsellors—the college men who were assistants at the camp. It was the business of the boy judges to make decisions and of the counsellors to umpire in case the boys couldn't decide who was best.

Contest day, so long expected, finally came and the camp was a-stir at sunrise. Boats were cleaned, canoes bailed out, for the shower of the night before had left a puddle of water in each one, and breakfast hurried out of the way in record-breaking time. By 9 o'clock the camp was in perfect order and boys from Camp Highlands near by began to arrive. Contest day at Camp Hilltop was famous all around that county.

The water events were run off first and they took all the morning, for there was not only rowing and canoeing, but swimming and diving and rescuing as well. Over a hundred boys took part in the events and there was great interest to see who would be winner, as the one who got the most points was given a silver cup as a trophy.

John went in for swimming and rescuing and Ed for canoeing and diving. At the end of the morning, the scoreboard out in front of the main office showed that John had one first in long distance swim, and two seconds, one in bringing a person to shore and one in first aid to a drowning person. Of course, these last two were done with boys who volunteered to be "saved," but the contestants were judged on the speed and correctness of their method. That made eleven points for John. Ed had two seconds and two thirds, which made him only one point behind John, with some of his best events still to come.

"You'll get it, old boy," said John as the camp bugle blew the signal for dinner and a two hour recess.

"Not on your life," said Ed, but he flushed with pleasure at his friend's words just the same. "You know you've got it cinched! You're ahead now and with the baseball events to come—well, all I'll do is shake hands with the winner."

And, indeed, that seemed to be true. For when the games began in the afternoon John and Ed kept near together most of the time, but John, some way, was always just a bit in the lead. They tied for first in pitching, they got firsts and seconds or tied in every single baseball event. Till finally, the committee of boy judges were in despair and appealed to the umpires for advice.

"Let them try it out in catching and pitching," suggested Lin, the chairman of the counsellors committee," let John pitch five balls and Ed five, and we'll see who did the best."

But that, too, was a tie, and the umpires announced that one final ball should be thrown to settle the rivalry. John was to throw first. He twisted himself into regular "pitcher" contortions and started to throw. Ed held up his hands ready to catch—if John pitched the ball of his life, Ed would show them a thing or two about catching. Back of the baseball field the crowd of visitors, camp boys, judges and counsellors waited the outcome breathlessly.

But that ball was never thrown.

Just as John was about to let it go, a shriek from the lake sent shivering chills down the back of every person assembled. Somebody was drowning, somebody needed help and that right quickly.

For one awful second everybody was motionless. Then, pell-mell they ran for the lake.

John found that the running which helped so much in making home runs, also helped now, and that he was leading in the race for the shore. At a glance he saw what had happened. One of the visitors had attempted to try canoeing while everybody was busy watching the contests; a new boy at Camp Highlands who didn't know the

BEFORE
AFTER

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

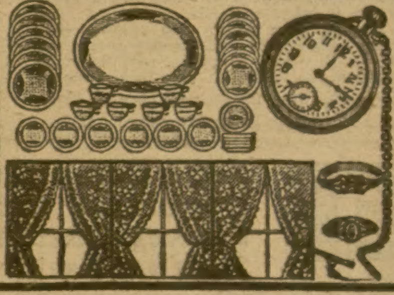
But Your Nose?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

PERMIT NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1521 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.



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—Send no money—simply name and address. Merely give away **FREE** 12 beautiful art pictures with 12 boxes of our famous **White Cloverine Salve,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and Two **Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our premium catalog which you receive with the Salve. Millions are using **Cloverine** for cuts, burns, etc.

LADIES YOU CAN ALSO EARN THIS 42-Pc DINNER SET, or SIX LACE CURTAINS

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick. Pictures and Salve sent promptly post-paid. Be first in your town—big cash commission.

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Dept. L222 Tyrone, Pa.

Three $1.00 Packages

for only 3¢

Reefer's TONIC "MORE EGGS"
Reefer's More Egg Tonic
MAKES LAY-ERS OUT OF LOAFERS
Reefers Hatchery
KANSAS CITY, MO. AND PHILADELPHIA, PA
$1.00

THINK of it! Three $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS" for only 3c. $3.00 worth of this wonderful, tried and tested egg producer for 3c. This great offer good for only 10 days. You've got no time to lose. You must act NOW!

50 Eggs a Day

Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky., writes, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day but since using 'MORE EGGS' I get 50." Mrs. Wm. De Berry, Ridgelet, Tenn., "Instead of 8 eggs a day from 50 hens, during the last 28 days I got 633 eggs." 15,000 other unsolicited testimonials.

Results Guaranteed

Do you want to double, triple, quadruple your egg yield—get more eggs when egg prices are highest? Feed your hens a little "MORE EGGS". The Million Dollar Bank, Kansas City, Mo. guarantees that it will boost your egg yield to your satisfaction or refund your money. You run no risk. Money back if you say so. Take advantage of this great offer.

Offer Good for Only Ten Days

Do you want three $1.00 packages for 3c. Then fill out coupon NOW. No time to wait! Get busy—this very minute. Greatest poultry bargain ever offered.

Don't Delay!

Send Coupon Today Sure!

Send No Money

Just Mail This Coupon!

Don't send any money, just fill in the coupon. Think of the saving! Three packages will only cost you 3c. You get five packages—total value, $5.00—for only $2.03. Your money refunded if "MORE EGGS" doesn't come up to your expectations. Insure yourself plenty of eggs. The more eggs you get, the more money you make. Get this miracle egg producer at this cut price. Act NOW! Send the coupon today—without delay.

E. J. Reefer Poultry Expert
9031 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$3.00 Worth of "MORE EGGS" 3c

E. J. Reefer, 9031, Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the five $1.00 packages of Reefer's "MORE EGGS" for which I agree to pay the postman $2.03 when he brings me the five packages. You agree to refund me $2.03 at any time within 30 days, if all five of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name....................

Address....................

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If you prefer, enclose $2.03 cash with this coupon. This brings your order sooner. C. O. D. packages sometimes take longer in the Post Office.

A Woman's Message to Women:

TRADE MARK

COSMOPOLIS, WASH.

"Three years ago I was sick from a severe pelvic trouble, for which I had an operation, but was not relieved of my suffering, and was told nothing more could be done to improve my condition. My husband found your ad. in the paper and ordered a sample, and upon receiving it, immediately bought a full course of your Opaline Treatment, which I used as directed, and I am a well woman today. I certainly do recommend your treatment very highly for I positively know what it will do, and hope others will see as I do." MRS. C. A. ARONSON.

R. F. D. No. 3, BATAVIA, N. Y.

"I am sending for your Opaline Treatment for my daughter, as I have used it myself and know what it will do. I was a terrible sufferer from female disorders, ulceration and weakening drains, and dragged around for two years. Then I used your treatment, and at the end o two months I was perfectly healed and have never been troubled since, so I can't praise your medicine enough Use my name if it will help anyone else to get well, and I know it will if they use it rightly." MRS. H. S. PARKER.

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of **Mrs. Summers'** popular **Opaline Home Treatment** in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind. **READER,** if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

with illustrated, descriptive copy of *"Women's Own Medical Adviser."* **Test Mrs. Summers Opaline Remedy for yourself,** in your home, without the knowledge or aid of anyone. You can then continue if you wish, at about **12c. a week.** For twenty-five years women reported it satisfactory, and often superior to vegetable tonics and compounds. Used by old and young and does not interfere with daily work. Write in confidence, as your letter is opened, read and answered by a woman. For the **Free Trial,** address

THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO., Women's Dept. 99 **South Bend, Ind.**

(Mrs. Summers' Remedies Are Sold At Leading Drug Stores.)

SEEDS FREE For a Complete Vegetable and Flower Garden for Your Family

Don't Send a Penny! Write Today!

You can have the biggest, best and most wonderful collection of seeds without a cent of cost. If you have a garden send for these 21 large packets of the best seeds that grow. Enough for a family garden—grow bushels of delicious vegetables and armfuls of exquisite flowers—all yours free without a penny of cost. This astonishing offer is made to advertise our business. Be first to get this matchless big Free Seed Offer.

Send No Money Send your name and address and we will send all the 21 full size packets prepaid on approval. No money in advance. No C. O. D. So simple and easy is our plan that we send the seeds in advance and tell you how you can earn them in just a few minutes. Examine the seeds in your home, spread them out on your table, and if you are more than pleased, accept our wonderful offer; if not return them at our expense. You be the judge. **This is perhaps the most liberal offer ever made and we have but one collection for a family.** Don't delay; quick is the word if you want to share in this startling free offer. Send for yours today—right now—at once—a postal will do.

M. F. HAYES, 550 N. La Salle Street, Dept. J, CHICAGO, ILL.

21 FULL SIZE PACKETS FREE

These seeds are pure, fresh and warranted to grow. They are improved strains and wonderful new varieties. They are not for sale—I have one collection for each family reading this paper. See what you get: Beets, Cabbage, Carrots, Cucumbers, Lettuce, Cantaloupes, Watermelons, Onions, Parsnips, Pumpkins, Radishes, Spinach, Tomatoes, Turnips—and Flower seeds for a whole Flower Garden.

BRAND NEW FORD TOURING CAR GIVEN

7	5	20	20	8
9	19	3	1	18

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. WIN FINE PRIZE

The figures in the squares represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B, 3 is C, and so on. The ten figures spell three words. Send the three words on a slip of paper with your name and address quick if you want to win. I have given away many Autos and scores of other prizes. My plan is so simple it is easy to win prizes and cash rewards.

Thousands of Dollars in Other Grand Prizes and Cash Rewards

Besides the New Ford Car I am going to give away Superb Cabinet Phonograph, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Kodaks, Traveling Bag, Chest of Silverware, Dinner Set and **Cash Rewards.** No experience is required. You don't put up a penny or do any hard work. Just an opportunity to realize your ambition to have an Automobile all your own and a chance to get it in the easiest way imaginable. Don't let anyone in your neighborhood beat you to it. The quicker you act, the bigger your winnings. Send me your answer to the puzzle with your name and address, without delay. **DUANE W. GAYLORD, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 15, CHICAGO, ILL.**

80 Pounds 188 Pounds Latest Photo

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It was when physicians said it was impossible for J. M. Miller, Ohio Druggist, to survive the ravages of Tuberculosis, he began experimenting on himself, and discovered the Home Treatment, known as ADDILINE. Anyone with coughs or influenza showing tubercular tendency or Tuberculosis, may use it under plain directions. Send your name and address to

ADDILINE, - 195 Arcade Building, - Columbus, Ohio

WANTED—30,000 BOYS TO MAKE MONEY

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers—The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE In addition to big profits on every paper you sell we give you valuable premiums free. When you start we send you a premium catalog from which you can select the premiums you want.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED We show you when you start just where to get customers, how to sell the papers, and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week.

NO RISK Remember, you can't lose anything. You only pay for the papers after you have sold them. We send the papers so that they come to you on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman, and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D BOYCE CO., DEPT. 3, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Name ....

Street or R. F. D. No. ....

Town .... State ....

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. If I qualify, it is understood you pay my expense of joining the Lone Scouts of America if I want to join. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

first thing about proper and safe canoeing. And way out in the lake he had attempted to change his seat—and, of course, had overturned and tumbled into the lake.

A kick and the baseball shoes were off; a plunge and John was in the lake making for the bobbing head with the longest, swiftest strokes he could take. He was almost there when the bobbing head dropped out of sight.

Of course, the folks on the shore did not stand with their hands folded all this time; several counsellors put off with boats after John, ready to be of help; the camp doctor ordered blankets and a clear beach and everybody offered advice that was not listened to.

But all the while John was getting nearer and nearer to the place where the bobbing head was last seen.

Then he, too, disappeared and folks knew that he was searching down under the water.

Very soon, much quicker than you can read about it, two heads were seen on the surface of the lake and quickly the boats drew up and pulled in the reckless visitor. Then it was only a few swift pulls till shore was reached and till the frightened boy was rolled up in blankets and coming around in fine shape.

And John—as he stepped out of the boat, said to Ed: "Well, I'm the fellow who shakes hands with the winner. You'll have to have first in the baseball throw, for I couldn't throw a ball today if I had to!"

"Not on your life, said Ed, heartily, "that was all fixed up while you were coming to shore."

"Ed is right," said the head of the counsellors, coming up to shake hands with John, "we thought we'd make an exciting tie for you two fellows to play out, but we've decided that the fellow who can leave a match throw to dash down and rescue a visitor is the fellow who should win Contest day at Camp Hilltop. And here's to the winner!"

The boys gave a three times three for John that made the old woods ring and Contest day was dover for another year.

❧

Good Neighbors.

THAT'S what they are—good neighbors. If the bird, perched on the nearby branch, has a bit of meddling curiosity in the tilt of his pretty head, the bushy-tailed squirrel pays not a bit of heed to that, for there is no quarrel between them, nor is there likely to be. The bird has an eye on the fluttering insects, I fancy, and may help out a short meal by swallowing two or three of them presently. But the squirrel is thinking of the fat acorns within reach and racking his small, active brain to think where he can store them away for next winter's use.

The bird couldn't do that very well, but God has given him strong wings to fly away to warmer regions, when the sharp frosts come, and here he will find seeds and bugs and worms all the winter long, with no need to trouble his head over making a hoard of them. The squirrel is nimble on his feet, to be sure, they would hardly carry him as far as the bird flies, and so stay he must, thru snow and bitter cold, and hungry he will be, unless he fills his tiny storehouses full, against the bitter weather to come.

Our native ground squirrel or chipmunk is one of the prettiest of our wild friends of fur, and gets his name from his fondness for the earth, where he makes his home, and stores away his winter supplies of nuts and grain. He seems to have an instinct not to "put all his eggs in one basket"—as the old saying goes—for he often makes several tunnels around his winter lodgings, with numerous "pockets" for the deposit of his hoarded wealth. And he is no hand-to-mouth provider, either, for the quantity of food he gathers is surprisingly large, and we might well wonder what he expects to do with all of it. But then, winters are long and a lively little creature like the chipmunk must have a healthy appetite!

The tree squirrels generally nest aloft, and the red squirrel, or chickaree, is the commonest of these. He is not so good a neighbor as the chipmunk. Some bird lovers think he is the worst enemy of the song birds, because he is such a daring climber that no nest is beyond his reach.

❧

The Shortest Month on the Calender.

I WONDER how many of you who celebrated your birthday in the shortest month on the calendar know why the second month of the year is so called. February takes its name from the Latin word Februarius, which means to expiate, and the month is so named because at this season of the year the Romans celebrated the feast of expiation. By the old Anglo-Saxons the month was called Sprout-kale month because the cabbages sprouted at this time, and by some people it was called Sun month.

The birthstone of February is the amethyst, which stands for love. There is a verse for the February child which goes:

The February born shall find
Serenity and peace of mind;
Freedom from anger and from care
If they an amethyst will wear.

If you were born before the twentieth of the month the old adages tell us that you will have good commonsense; you will grasp the details of a situation quickly; you will be able to do many things well; you will not be rash or impulsive and you will be a leader among your fellowmen. In addition to all these traits there are promised for those born after the twentieth of February a fine sense of duty, and a poetic temperament. You will be a deep thinker and a great student; you will be conscientious and kind but you will have very strong opinions to which you will hold in face of all opposition, and you will be thrifty and saving to a fault.

Primrose is the flower for this month. It is the symbol of sadness.

February, on the whole, is a good month for new undertakings, but we are told there are some unlucky days, among which the eighth, tenth, seventeenth, twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth stand out. If February is warm and sunny it bodes no good for the crops and poor spring is expected. Here is a little verse which decries fair February days:

All the months in the year
Despise a fair Februeer.

Many famous persons were born in this month. Among them were: Victor Herbert, the composer; Mendelssohn, the composer; Horace Greeley, the great American editor; Ole Bull, the violinist; Moody, the evangelist; Sir Henry Irving, the actor; President Fillmore; Charles Dickens, the writer; John Ruskin, the author; General William Sherman; President Harrison; Charles Lamb, the essayist; Thomas A. Edison; Daniel Boon; Abraham Lincoln; Charles Darwin, the scientist; Daubigny, the artist; Madame Sembrich, the singer; Paganini, the violinist; Adelina Patti, the singer; Joseph Jefferson, the actor; Cardinal Newman; Meissonier, the artist; George Washington; Lowell, the poet; Handel, the composer; Victor Hugo, the author; Longfellow, the poet; Ellen Terry, the actress; Rachel, the tragedian, and Rossini, the composer.

❧

Wanted to Know.

LITTLE BESSIE, aged 5, after calling her mother several times during the night and receiving no reply, said: "Mother, are you really asleep or are you just pretending you're a telephone girl?"

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

BOOKS

GOOD NEWS! WOULD YOU KNOWINGLY throw money away? It's surprising, but true, that you are. There is a way out. Why not conserve the waste material in your homes, on the farms, and in business houses? Our book describes fully the kinds and values of all waste. You can't afford to be without this knowledge. Make dollars where none existed before. Send one dollar for our book now. The Traub System, Traub Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS: $25-$300 PAID anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 420 St. Louis.

SONG POEMS WANTED

WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER, home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

HONEY

GOLDEN YELLOW SPANISH NETTLE honey, the richest, thickest and most delicious; it is the favorite of all honeys. Gathered from the wild flowers by my own bees. 10 lb. pail, $3.00; 4, $11.00; 6, $16.00. Postpaid. H. H. Thale Bee Farms, Durham, Mo.

SCHOOLS—TRADES

ELECTRICITY TAUGHT BY EXPERTS; earn while you learn at home. Electrical Book and Proof Lessons free. Your Success Guaranteed and Position secured. Write today. Chicago Engineering Works, 1801 Sunnyside, Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

INSTRUCTION

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES BOUGHT, sold and rented. All subjects; new or used. We save you half the original price. Economy Educator Service, 1664 Broadway, New York.

OLD COINS

OLD MONEY OF ALL KINDS WANTED. We buy and sell over $100,000 worth a year. We pay cash for thousands of coins and bills. Many valuable coins are in circulation. Get posted. Send 4c for our large illustrated coin circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Forth Worth, Texas.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, CARDS, GAMES, BOOKS, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Edina, Mo.

WATCHES—JEWELRY.

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.98! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information--The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN: EARN $3,500 TO $10,000 A year. City or traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing system. Free employment service to members. Send for salesmanship book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept. 103B, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—BIG MONEY DEMONSTRATING Tire-Cure. Automobile owners eager buyers. Marvelous. Punctures, cuts, blowouts in tires, tubes, permanently repaired in 5 minutes without tools or heat. Self-vulcanizing. Experience unnecessary. Save 800% vulcanizing bills. $1 outfit repairs 100 punctures. Immense profits. Send for outfit and agency. Money-back guarantee to agents and customers. Eastern Rubber Products Co., Baltimore, Maryland.

MAKE BIG MONEY—BE INDEPENDENT. We want 200 men and women to take orders for Cresco raincoats. Quick sellers. Big demand. $16 clear profit on 4 orders per day. Agents make as high as $5,000 a year. Experience not necessary. Sample coat and outfit free. No delivering or collecting. Write us now and start on road to success. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. H, Ashland, Ohio.

ACTIVE TAILORING AGENTS WANTED: Every body eager to buy our artistic suits of value (120) styles for 1921. Simply show these in your spare time; values speak for themselves. Big money maker for you; easy to sell; large sample outfit free. Eadell Tailors, 40 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT. TWO coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—SUIT $13.98. MAKE $50.00 FIRST week selling our famous popular price made to measure suits. Greatest selling offer ever made—free outfit, write at once. The Famous Tailors, Dept. B, 318 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

WHY WORK FOR OTHERS? MAKE YOUR own preparations, $100 to $500 weekly. Free booklet tells how. Southern Research Laboratories, 2400 E. Clay Street, Richmond, Va.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 111, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS, $40 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

SELL PUDDING POWDERS—DELICIOUS dessert. Fast sellers, quick repeaters, big profit. Send for terms and sample. C. H. Stuart Co., 4 Bdwy., Newark, New York.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 31, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kans.

WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY AND furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X-520, Springfield, Ill.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD, necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS EARN $50 A WEEK AND YOUR own clothes selling our famous made to measure suits $18.50-$22.50. Selling outfits free. Commonwealth Tailors, Dept. 203, Occidental Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

"GOVERNMENT JOBS" A BOOK TELLING how to get U. S. Government positions. Send your name and address for free sample copy. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 26, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED — HUNDREDS MEN-WOMEN, over 17. U. S. Government office and outside positions. $1400 year. Write for list positions now open. Franklin Institute, Dept. H 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WE WILL START YOU IN CLEANING AND dyeing business, little capital, big profit. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 3, Charlotte, N. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT CLERKS NEEDED BADLY (men-women), $1600-$2300. Permanent. Few to travel. Write Mr. Ozment, Former Government Examiner, 166, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 820 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED—(Cont'd.)

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC INspectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXPERTS. START business yourself. Earn $200 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 804, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, RAILROADS everywhere; beginners, $200, later $300. Railway Association, Desk W 8, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DEsigners. $45 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 860, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $5-$10 WEEKLY, ADDRESSING, mailing circulars. Instructions 12c. Money back if dissatisfied. Palace Mailing Co., Toledo, O.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

CLERKS, (MEN, WOMEN) OVER 17, FOR postal mail service. $130 month. Examinations Jan.-Feb. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars or instruction write J. Leonard (former civil service examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

$16 TAKES CABINET PHONOGRAPH AND 28 records. Many other bargains. Send no money. Write for particulars. Economy Sample Shop, 69 E. Van Buren St., Dept. 4, Chicago.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY—POSITIVELY removes tattoos, coal marks, moles; safe, sure, simple process. Formula, $1.00. Harding Co., 142 Dearborn Street, Philadelphia.

"COTTON CITY" POLISHING CLOTH, $1.00 for 10 yards. For auto, piano, etc. Winder-Dittmer Co., 161 So. Main Street, Fall River, Mass.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FORTUNES ARE BEING MADE QUICKLY in the new Montana oil fields. If you want to participate in the money being made daily in the famous Cat Creek Gusher Field of Montana, buy units in The Montana Syndicate at one hundred dollars each; holdings, 160 acres within The Gusher Pool, less than three-quarters of a mile from an oil gusher. For to buy units, or get particulars, write, Montana Syndicate, 304 Montana Building, Lewistown, Montana. Agents wanted, either ladies or gentlemen. These units sell readily as the earnings are big.

TEN MILLION DOLLARS ($10,000,000.00) profit produced from two wells at West Columbia, the Abrams No 1 and Hogg No. 49. We have 60 acres immediately adjoining Abrams tract and on the same ridge as Abrams No. 1. Most attractive oil investment in Texas with unimpeachable established reputation. Write for full particulars. No obligation. The West Columbia Company, 700 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

OIL MAP OF TEXAS SHOWING PRODUCing fields, prospective fields, trend of development, pipe lines, counties, and much other valuable information, free for the asking. Address Geological Department, 226 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

AN INITIAL INVESTMENT OF FIVE DOLlars may make you rich. Secured by deed to land and interest in oil wells. Write me at once for full particulars. M. F. Hinckley, Beatty Bldg., Houston, Texas, Dept. A.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

SEND 20c (STAMPS) AND GET LATEST issue "Oil Weekly," giving much data on all oil fields. Statistical Dept., 205 Gas Company Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE PLAYS

BIG MONEY FOR YOUR IDEAS. WRITE photoplays, whole or spare time. Easy to learn. Experience unnecessary. Our course teaches everything. Just the thing for beginners. Total cost, for limited time only, one dollar. Address Stange Photoplay Co., P. O. Box 601, Dept. 65, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE $25.00 TO $50.00 NIGHTLY. WE furnish professional machine, films, supplies, etc., suitable for traveling or stationary use. No experience needed. We teach you this business. Little money required. Easy payments. Large catalog free. Dept. 680, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

FARM LANDS

FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS—OUR OFFIcial 112-page book, "Vacant Government Lands," lists and describes every acre in every county in U. S.; tells location, place to apply, how secured free. 1921 diagrams and tables, new laws, lists, etc.; price 50 cents postpaid. Webb Publishing Co., Dept. 108, St. Paul, Minn.

FARMS WANTED

FARM WANTED. SEND DESCRIPTION and price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

REAL ESTATE

WE HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR FARMS, city or business properties. Don't pay large commissions. Write for special offer. Co-Operative Realty Agency, 16 Doyle Building, Akron, Ohio.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN, $5 monthly buys 40 acres, productive land, near town. Price $200. Box 425 S, Carthage, Mo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

FARMSEEKERS! DON'T PUT IT OFF ANY longer. Write today for big free booklet telling about the splendid hardwood land in Antrim, Kalkaska, and Otsego counties for only $15 to $35 per acre. Close to markets, schools, railroads, on good roads. Small down payment gives you a start. We help settlers. Don't wait until spring. Write today. Swigart, X-1245, First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY SPECIAL NUMBER JUST OUT, containing 1921 facts of clover land in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Riehle Land Co., 26 Skidmore-Riehle Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

PATENTS

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATent should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

SEND 25c FOR OLD INDIAN RECIPE. YOU can't take cold. 2 drops every morning prevents flu, la grippe, pneumonia; worth hundreds to every family. E. S. Eastling, Bradley, Wis., Route 1.

RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE RELIEF FOR deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

PERSONAL

ARE YOU LONELY OR UNHAPPY? CHEER up. The king of matchmakers will send you the queen of correspondence papers (mailed in a plain sealed envelope), without obligating you and no follow-up mail to coax or bother you. Pay later if you wish. Gents' membership $2. Ladies' membership free. Strictly confidential plan (established in 1911). We have your soul-mate of your nationality and your religion. Address, Happy Home Magazine, 211 Presto Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; if you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, an ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E. Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN MOTION PICTURE ACTING. BOTH sexes. Experience unnecessary, opportunities for big money; explanatory booklet 20 cents. Picture Acting Institute, Box 131, Station G, New York.

MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Hundreds wealthy. Best, most successful. Write, be convinced. Confidential. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, California.

REMEDY. BED WETTING — BLADDER trouble. Use dependable harmless remedy. Get the benefit of our 20 years' experience, a package of Pen-Ine, and advice free. Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

MARRY FOR WEALTH, HAPPINESS—Hundreds rich, attractive, congenial, willing to wed. Photos free. 25 years' experience. Mrs. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

JOIN A HIGH CLASS CATHOLIC MATRImonial circle. For practical Catholics only. Send 10c for circular to The C. L. C., Mt. Angel, Ore.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star-Book Co., 29B5, Camden, N. J.

ANYONE DESIRING A WIFE OR HUSBAND of wealth, send stamped envelope for particulars to Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY. BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; description and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

MAN OF HEALTH, WEALTH AND REFINEment considering marriage. Ladies, write me. Box 684, Dennison, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

LONESOME? WRITE CHICAGO FRIENDship Club, Box 749, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

CANADIAN MATRIMONIAL PAPER. BIG issue. Descriptions, names, addresses 25c. A. McCreery, Publisher, Chatham, Ontario.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

SOME LADY WANT A HUSBAND? $5000 takes me. Address: Engineer, Box 46, Sterling, Ill.

WIDOW WORTH $60,000 WISHES TO HEAR from gentleman under 60. Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR, WORTH $60,000, wants wife. U-Box 325, Club, Fort Wayne, Ind.

REFINED LADY, 30, WITH $50,000, WANTS husband. S-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

CALIFORNIA BACHELOR, 43, WORTH $40,000, would marry. E-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRESpondence Club." Particulars free. Address, Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LADY, 45, WORTH $100,000, WILL MARRY. L-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

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are being sought throughout the world. Many people are today living in comparative poverty who are really rich, but do not know it. You may be one of them. Send for 400 page cloth-bound Index Book, "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," containing carefully authenticated lists of missing heirs and unclaimed estates which have been advertised for, here and abroad. The Index of Missing Heirs we offer for sale contains thousands of names which have appeared in American, Canadian, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, German, French, Belgian, Swedish, Indian, Colonial and other newspapers, inserted by lawyers, executors, administrators. Also contains list of English and Irish Courts of Chancery and unclaimed dividends list of Bank of England. Your name or your ancestor's may be in the list. Send $1.00 (one dollar) at once for book, before 5th edition is exhausted. Established 1881.

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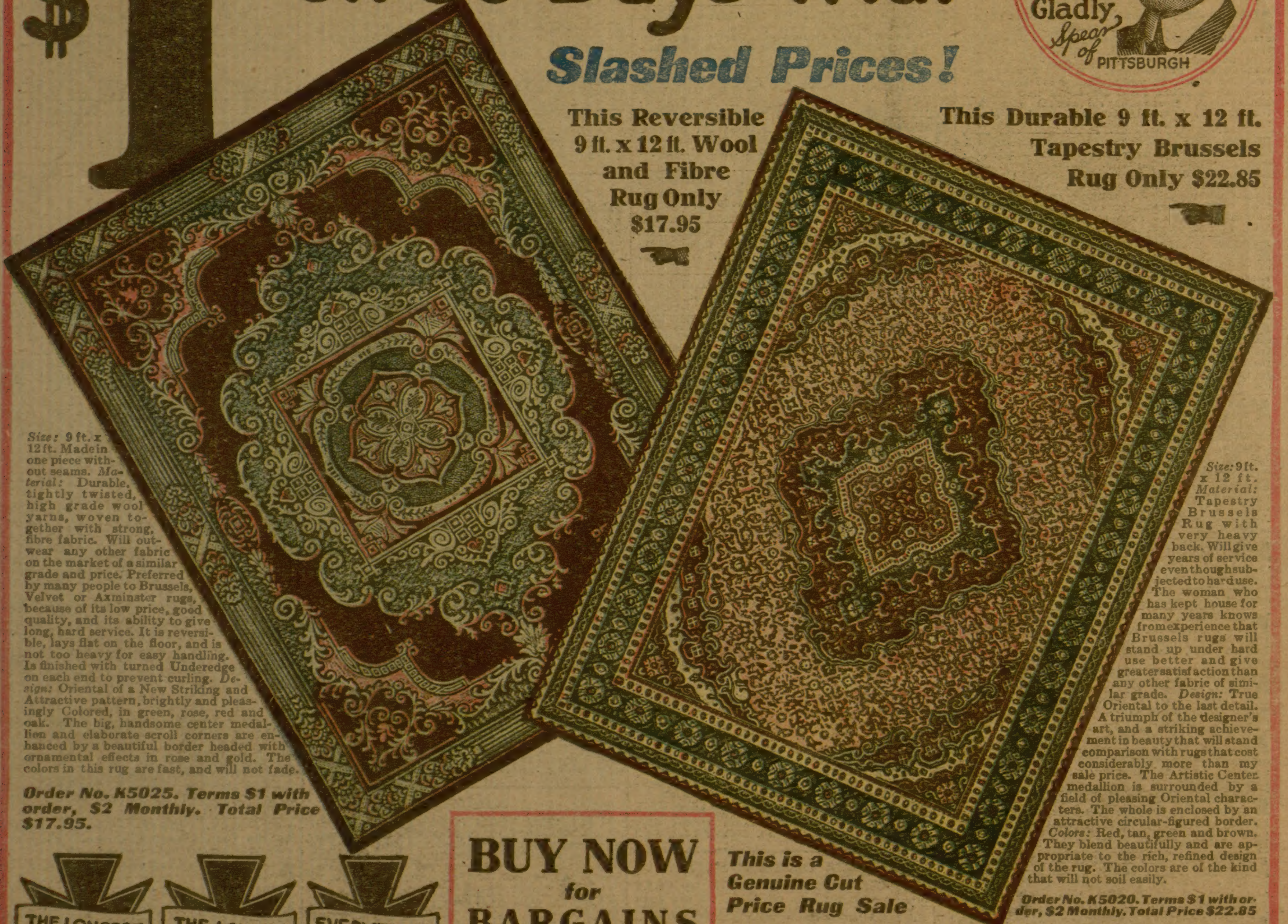

Size: 9 ft. x 12 ft. Made in one piece without seams. *Material:* Durable, tightly twisted, high grade wool yarns, woven together with strong, fibre fabric. Will outwear any other fabric on the market of a similar grade and price. Preferred by many people to Brussels, Velvet or Axminster rugs, because of its low price, good quality, and its ability to give long, hard service. It is reversible, lays flat on the floor, and is not too heavy for easy handling. Is finished with turned Underedge on each end to prevent curling. *Design:* Oriental of a New Striking and Attractive pattern, brightly and pleasingly Colored, in green, rose, red and oak. The big, handsome center medallion and elaborate scroll corners are enhanced by a beautiful border headed with ornamental effects in rose and gold. The colors in this rug are fast, and will not fade.

Order No. K5025. Terms $1 with order, $2 Monthly. Total Price $17.95.

Size: 9 ft. x 12 ft. *Material:* Tapestry Brussels Rug with very heavy back. Will give years of service even though subjected to hard use. The woman who has kept house for many years knows from experience that Brussels rugs will stand up under hard use better and give greater satisfaction than any other fabric of similar grade. *Design:* True Oriental to the last detail. A triumph of the designer's art, and a striking achievement in beauty that will stand comparison with rugs that cost considerably more than my sale price. The Artistic Center medallion is surrounded by a field of pleasing Oriental characters. The whole is enclosed by an attractive circular-figured border. *Colors:* Red, tan, green and brown. They blend beautifully and are appropriate to the rich, refined design of the rug. The colors are of the kind that will not soil easily.

Order No. K5020. Terms $1 with order, $2 Monthly. Total Price $22.85

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THIS BOOK FREE
Spear
WRITE FOR IT

You have been waiting for the chance to discard the old, shabby, worn-out things—to replace them with new, up-to-date, comfortable furniture. You have been waiting for lower prices, so you could have again the bright, happy, well-furnished home you are entitled to. You need wait no longer. My prices are down, way down. *My Big New 1921 Free Catalog is Jammed with Slashed Prices—Genuine Old-Fashioned Bargains* that will remind you of pre-war days. Send for My Bargain Book Today. My Low Prices will cheer you, my Easy Terms will attract you. And the Thousands of Illustrations in my New Bargain Book will give you valuable ideas for your happier home.

I want you to have my book now; sending for it does not obligate you to buy anything. It will show you why an ever-increasing number of people buy all their furnishings from me. They know that I never misrepresent; and that the quality of my merchandise is always satisfactory. They know that my prices are lower than cash-down prices in their home stores, and though I give The Longest Time to Pay, I do not charge one penny interest.

This is a Genuine Cut Price Rug Sale

If I conducted it in Pittsburgh and New York my big stores in those cities would be crowded with eager buyers. I prefer, however, to offer this remarkable opportunity through my mail-order department because I know that everywhere throughout the country thousands of people are waiting for a sale like this — a Bigger-Than-Usual Spear Bargain.

All Your Money Back

Send for one of these rugs today. You won't take a single risk, because you Don't Buy From Pictures when you Deal with Spear. I will send you the rug on 30 Days' trial in Your Own Home. This means that it must be its own salesman, that it must sell itself to you and your family after it has laid on your floor for an entire month. If you are not satisfied with quality, price or terms—if you find you can do better anywhere else—or, if for any reason in the world you wish to do so—you may return the rug. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The Trial Will Not Cost You a Penny.

If you want both rugs, send $2.00 and fill out coupon accordingly. Either rug or both sent on 30 Days' Trial with My Money-Back Bond.

Nathaniel Spear
President

Spear & Co.

Department C, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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